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CANADA MONTHLY

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APRIL

LETTERS *from an* ENGLISHMAN *to his* SON *in* CANADA

The dear old dad back home doesn't even know he is writing for a magazine. He figures to himself just one khaki-clad boy who will read them o'nights while he is waiting in the second contingent for his call to the front. The writer of the letters however, is the author of a History of the Expansion of the British Empire, which is a standard work among the wise men of the old country.

August 15, 1914.

THE war has sprung up so suddenly, so far as the English public is concerned, that we are hardly yet able to realize what an enormous trial awaits us. The financial ruin of Germany and Austria seems assured in any event. We, here in England are going to weather it extremely well by all symptoms, our home manufacturers will presently be in full blast as no supplies come from France or Germany, and our allies and all neutral countries are dependent largely on what we can do for them. Our harvest only just beginning, is the best for decades and our green crop equally so. Such industries as iron, shipbuilding, glass-making, chemicals, are booming. One of the largest shipyards announces that if their yards (on the Wear and Tyne) were three times the size and their staff to match they could work twenty-four hours a day without overtaking work for home and foreign customers. And this firm employs 5,000 men already.

There is *no* opposition to the war here; it is an act of grace that Grey and Asquith were responsible and not Bonar Law and Lansdowne. The Irish transformation is wonderful and may mean a lot in the ultimate solution of the question. With you, I suppose the Quebec people are quite content to join in helping us.

The struggle will be prolonged. France will not be rushed and England once in the field will go on tenaciously. The trouble is that we cannot get the German fleet out of their armed ports. There are half a dozen or so of their cruisers afloat on high seas but they will be chased to neutral harbors or captured by our swift cruisers.

The Burning of Louvain is Worse for Germany Than the Loss of a Great Battle

August 30, 1914.

. . . .As things are to-day the general issue is in the balance. The fleet is master of the sea. We are in no fear of raids, though we should rather welcome a small one as a stimulus to recruiting.

Our expeditionary force has been wonderful, absolutely up to the highest standard and has inflicted immense losses on the enemy at Mons and since has checked the German plan of operations, enabling Russia to make progress in the East.

We look forward to a long struggle; and the country will see it through. Possibly Italy will join us. Russia is far better prepared than was expected and will put 3,000,000 men into the front line. Austria can do little outside her own borders, she is so harried by her own Slavs. The burning of Louvain is worse for Germany than the loss of a great battle. One can hardly imagine the States keeping up their friendly attitude to the Emperor. The Irish are all on fire for the United Kingdom and the fact that Louvain is the great Catholic university of the world touches all of that faith. Turkey may come in on German stimulus—to her own final undoing.

This country is absolutely united, and the fact that a German victory would mean surrender of the Australian colonies and the trade-routes to German hands makes it a big imperial matter. The seas are, barring flying pirates, quite safe and so we count on colonial contingents—hard trained men who can shoot. We shall want all we can get. Don't believe anyone who thinks we are going to finish by Spring, and still less anyone who thinks we shall give in whilst our fleet is intact and food secure. Nor will Russia, to whom it is a war of creed as well as of race. We are far more united than in the Napoleonic war. Churchill's speech to the American press deputation yesterday is significant of the national attitude.

As to Canada, I am convinced that you are wrong in thinking that the credit of Canada will be seriously affected in Great Britain. I have talked a good deal of this with business

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men. They say this: "The British Empire will have the biggest advertisement it has ever had, if the colonies all come together to help. We shall realize that the British standards of policy and the rest are so far more acceptable to English investors than those of Germany and the continent indeed at large, that a desire for *home* securities (on the wider idea of home) will be the dominant note of English investments." I would go farther and say this: Money will be *poured in* upon you, and if only you can get Eastern Canada to give us a good tariff where possible and a thumping discrimination against Germany and Austria, you may set up a trade relation for the good of the West, which you have no present idea of. . . . Pay five per cent. and you can get a lot of money twelve months after the war is over.

. . . .Already there are signs that trade is becoming more normal. The chief financial trouble lies in the broad fact that Germany and Austria owe us about one hundred and fifty millions on balance for trade differences and securities; and we in return are in their debt about twenty-five millions which our commercial repute will make it necessary for us to find in due course.

The financial ruin of Austria is complete and German trade and credit are so hard hit that England, France and the United States will run the finance of the world for many years to come.

We are going to stick it out, and we shall win, as everyone realizes what is at stake, and believe me *we are glad* it has come at last under conditions far more favorable than we even hoped for. It is a war against Huns.

September 11, 1914

. . . .The Indian news is very hopeful, and if we can get a good sound fifty thousand men of colonial type in the field we shall be able to force an invasion of Germany. As everyone expected Austria has crumbled and Germany in accordance with precedent has left her ally and tool in the lurch. Italy is prepared to act; indeed if she does not she stands to be left badly in the end.

There is the *strongest* confidence at the war office and amongst all public men of all parties that we are going to put Germany in a tight place. She will be financially hard hit, and her prestige internally sorely tried. Southern Germany will not be so ready to follow the Kaiser's lead. The poor man is very ill, cancer of the ear, which gives him awful pain at intervals, and he has, properly enough, no confidence in his son as the future leader of a restless empire.

Russia is going ahead in great spirit and with far better organization than was expected.

Money is very easy, nearly unlendable at three per cent. We shall get all our war-loans at three and three-quarter per cent. and can guarantee loans to Belgium and France if needed. The crime of Louvain is worse in its effects than I anticipated, and now I hear awful stories of German behaviour.

The men are most fierce because of what they saw of the treatment of women and children. One man told me that he saw an old man and two women and a child of seven, with hands and feet tied, laid out in the roadway to be run over by motor lorries. He himself trod on them in the dark and set them loose. Our men profess great contempt for the courage of the German private, and if they only had two to one to meet they would walk through them.

. . . .You will be glad to hear that Canadian Government stocks are the firmest department in the market, and free dealings are possible in them nearly on a four per cent. basis. This cannot be said of any other securities. The money your Government now spends on the war will come back to you ten times over. . . . Austria will sue for peace presently unless Germany gets a big victory over Russia.

September 23, 1914

. . . . . The naval news to-night is very trying (sinking of the three cruisers by [submarine) but I dare say there will be a retort *not* courteous presently. The worst is that such a loss prevents us from detaching fast cruisers to round up the three German fast cruisers wandering about the Pacific.

. . . .We have two thousand five hundred German military prisoners close to, in a wire compound. They are as fine as any troops the enemy has; Prussian guards, dragoons, some staff officers, etc. Aldershot seethes with activity and the new recruits are becoming soldiers very quickly. There is a fine strain amongst them, more like the colonial and United States enlistments. Armaments are being turned out at a great rate, naval and military. Speaking goes on, floods of it, and all on one note. But behind it is a grim determination.

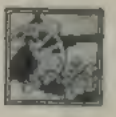
Whatever happens there will be a great many fewer German men of twenty to forty years of age by next September than there were on August 1st, 1914. Russia and France, to say nothing of ourselves, are thinning them out. It is a perfectly sober estimate that they have four hundred thousand (subjects of the Kaiser) hors de combat already; and the Russian army will trample out a big lot presently, even if they lose man for man..

But the difficulty of securing raw material (e. g. leather) and of employment for the non-fighting class is their real trouble. German diplomacy never reckoned on being held up as they are at this moment both on the east and the west fronts.

The rank and file of the French army is proving quite good, especially in attack. Our men get on well with them and believe in their courage and endurance. Sir John French has a free hand and gets most ample support from Kitchener and the Premier.

October 11, 1914.

. . . .To-day we have news of the fall of Antwerp. . . perhaps this is the high water mark of the enemy's success. Certainly they have filled up the cup of evil doing; for nothing more monstrous than their entire treatment of Belgium has been known in modern warfare. . . . . F. M. on Smith Dorrien's staff wrote



We don't see what possible good the Germans will get by Calais. They must be even bigger fools than we think they are if they fancy it will make any impression on English determination

on Wednesday that "everything is going on top-hole" and a wire came through from one of French's staff on Friday morning with even stronger encouragement. . . . The output of heavy guns fifteen and sixteen inch is amazing. Aircraft factory busy on the best aeroplane in the air. If the enemy sends Zeppelins we are ready, and have air-craft guns whose range and power is not expected by Germany. On all sides is confidence that the turn has really come and that Russian pressure and the collapse of Austria are making German headquarters very nervous. There is not the slighest alarm or hesitation in this country; and France is making good all along her front.

Economically we are doing well, very well, though in some spots there is weakness. International finance, where Germany and Austria are concerned, is the real trouble; and there is no way out in that direction seeing that bankruptcy faces both German and Austrian commerce. We destroyed thirty German liners in Antwerp docks before evacuation, and some are big Nord-deutsche Lloyd boats. . . If you hear comments on Indian troops, remember that Sikhs and Gurkhas are cold-area soldiers, accustomed to cold far worse than they will get in France. The Gurkhas, too, are accustomed to rains—some two hundred inches fall a year in Nepaul. They are wonderful shots, and of the toughest sort in the native country. The Princes, too, are fighting men, and act as company officers under English colonels and alongside English fellow-officers. Kitchener would have no "ornamental" people; and you remember he commanded the Indian army for several years before going out to Egypt in 1911.

26th Oct., 1914

. . . . Yours of the 9th this morning and cutting of the article by James O'Donnell Bennett. This cable or letter which was published 6th October is dated 12th September, since when much has happened. The German staff was then perfectly aware of the failure of their French campaign and of the enormous lossess entailed by it, but they had just scored in East Prussia and were elated accordingly. Now their position in Poland is very bad indeed. It is never alluded to in official staff reports issued to the German public; but the outlook there is very bad indeed for our enemies.

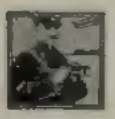
At this moment the issue on the coast area of Belgium is uncertain: but we do not see what possible good the Germans will get by Calais. They must be even bigger fools than we think they are if they fancy it will make any impression on English determination. It would, perhaps, bring in recruits faster than we can do with them.

The news which comes from the staff at the front is most encouraging. The advantage originally gained by the German readiness and the excellence of their first live troops is being steadily worked down. The men now in France though very numerous, and far exceeding the allies' totals, are below Franco-British standard, and consist largely of time-expired men out of condition. This does not apply so much to the troops against us on the Yser and the Lys. These are the last of their young, trained men; and when these are knocked out there are no more to spare. The idea that the Eastern army could be drawn upon is wholly shattered by the failure before Warsaw.

This person, James O'Donnell Bennett who writes for the American press, is very easily impressed. And he is a bit of a fool to give himself away so completely. Had he been allowed a fortnight in British and French staff circles he would have had a better basis upon which to write. We circulate German staff reports daily and read all the chief German papers and are not blind to the point of view taken at Aix or Berlin, so far as the staff there are willing to reveal it.

But Bennett knows nothing of what the men behind really know or think. They use him as a tool, and an easy one, and laugh at the gullibility of the smart "press special." The "calm confidence" of Germany is equalled by the determination of England and the resolution of France. We are not excited—things are perfectly normal: Our trade is so good that we do not read the papers as much as journalists would like. But it isn't a matter of weeks or even of months. We expect to hold the Germans to their trenches for a year or more and our present plans are made for a campaign in Western Germany in 1916. Russia's pressure will be such that Germany will have to weaken her western line; and the retreat from Belgium is only a question of time.

Our censor is very severe; and your press men feel it. But the self importance of the press doesn't impress us. Kitchener told Northcliffe to his face that he must remember that he could always have a poisonous news owner shot on sight. Writers like James O'Donnell Bennett, who are not typical of the men from your side of the water, either north or south of the international boundary line, do not realize that just now we are so much controlled by the Government (and with our hearty good will) that it is not a matter of concern to us that adventurous press men can't get news and can't print what they like. Publishing facts doesn't alter facts, except for the worse: and just now journalists are the less important people of the country. Certainly we aren't going to be concerned about the feeling of a few sensational scribes. If Bennett thinks we are ignorant of the truth, first we don't go to him to enlighten us, and next, if we like to be ignorant, why we shall be: and we won't alter that out of special regard for his profits. What matters is that the men at the helm and the look-out *know*. What we individually know is of no importance to us, any more than it is to the private soldier on march. Why should we mind if the fooled outsider pities us for our ignorance?



It doesn't matter to us if a few sensational scribes think we are ignorant of the truth; we don't go to them to be enlightened; and if we like to be ignorant—why we shall be

Nov. 2nd, 1914.

. . . I have your letter of October 5th. Things are going on very well. To-day we have news that Turkey has come in, and this will settle up various questions in due course. It will give us Egypt; it will give France Syria and Palestine, and to us jointly will come the Bagdad Railway: Russia will "protect" Constantinople. Incidentally Italy will be most likely drawn in—so we are all cheerful at Grey's skill in avoiding action against Turkey, and allowing her to be forced by Germany into doing silly things.

The feeling about the fighting in France is most confident. The enemy is being worn out and is fighting for his life. On the east front Russia is pushing very hard indeed and the losses of Germany are appalling. Pares, the English correspondent at the front,

The English officer in charge of the Lincolns sent for two guns and battered the whole place down on their heads—"and they lie under the bricks still," he said, "out of the wet"

whom I know well, and who knows Russia intimately having lived there for years, is amazed at the mastery which the Russians have already secured over the Germans. Man for man the Russian is as good as the German, and there are numerically four to one of them.

During the past week the German papers have begun to prepare the people for the truth by dropping hints as to the inevitable "slow course of operations," and the "difficulties of weather," and the "advantage of holding lines for purposes of resting troops," and more of the like. All of which is meant to pave the way for bad news.

Here in England we are sending down to ports of embarkation battalions of fine fresh troops of all arms. I see the working of the new recruits almost daily and discuss it with officers. The opinion is emphatic that they are a long way above the average of the old line battalions, in quality—physique and intelligence.

Yesterday I spent some time talking to wounded men just back from Nieuport and Lille. They have the heartiest contempt for the German infantryman. They tell me the Indian soldier is fighting splendidly and that the German is scared by their recklessness in hand to hand work. I had some vivid stories of the fighting; and some terrible stories of low-down behaviour on the part of German officers.

One lad of the Seaforths told me that three of them came across a German officer lying wounded in Lys in the trench just evacuated. One of the three went back and told the Sergeant, who came along with a young subaltern to help the officer out of the trench to the ambulance. The sergeant and the sublieutenant leant over the man to lift him. He then whipped out a revolver and shot both in the head; whereupon my lad put his bayonet through his throat.

"And I am not sure I did right, as he was wounded and we may not touch a wounded man !"

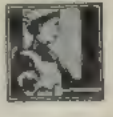
I told him I thought he need not worry !

Again I heard from a non-commissioned officer of the Lincoln's of a bad case of white flag. A farm house was held by ten Germans or so. On the advance of the Lincolns the Germans sent out a man with a white flag. Directly the party sent to receive prisoners surrendering got within range they were all shot down.

The English officer in charge sent for two guns and battered the whole place down on their heads—"and they lie under the bricks still," he said, "out of the wet."

B——has a story from a Belgian doctor, who saw a Belgian priest crucified on his church door and left to die ! Our men say that when the French and Belgian troops get into Germany no one will hold them back—they will kill ruthlessly in return for the horrible things they have seen done by the enemy.

Another officer told me he himself saw from ambush, a battalion of Germans prodded forward by their own officers with the sword point; and many of these infantry are men of forty-six to fifty, who can't run, when they have to face a charge. So we believe that the end will not be long delayed—even the Manchester Guardian can speak of "the tottering German Empire."



By Easter we shall have seven hundred and fifty thousand men ready, beyond the existing force in France

We are not much concerned about mishaps to ships, as our resources in new vessels, especially new submarines, are enormous. The tax on patrolling ships due to transporting troops in distant waters is now coming to an end and then the cruisers of the enemy will be rounded up. They must be getting foul, and ammunition dwindling.

Canada's keep good, especially Dominion loans; and as gold is piling up in the bank we are not likely to see much slump in prices of good investment stocks. Banks and insurance companies I hear are already buying the best things, believing the lowest has been passed. Sales absolutely show increase on 1913.

December 3rd, 1914.

. . . . . I have yours of the 6th November a few days ago. This you may get for your birthday, with our good wishes. We are fairly active, but again money is slow, though Canadian bills have been paid up with little delay. To-morrow I have to see R—— of Toronto, who is over on English business.

All things considered we are doing well. Recruiting is satisfactory, and after New Year will be more so. In fact trade is generally so good that voluntary enlistments are naturally less frequent. There is so strong a confidence in the ultimate outcome that many people think that to keep up the economic productiveness is one of the more urgent needs.

The War Loan was a great success, thoroughly national; no foreign subscription. Prices generally on stock market are higher than at the outbreak of the war. Goold tells me that stocks can't be bought, and many industrials are keenly sought after.

I hear that a raid is to be tried by Germany, but we are ready. The whole East coast is prepared and of course rail communications are excellent for concentration. Kitchener firmly believes that one will be tried and he hopes it may.

We are satisfied with the United States opinion. Canadians are having a tough time at Salisbury Plains, as French is of the opinion that strict discipline is necessary to enable them to stand up against night attacks and to obey orders to retire in order to maintain the line when necessary.

There is no doubt we lost a big battleship amongst the North of Ireland mines—the Audacious—and perhaps two transports, empty, were lost by submarines off Havre. But the Russians have done much damage to the German Baltic Fleet.

Everyone is very cheerful both as to army and navy. By Easter we shall have seven hundred and fifty thousand men ready, beyond the existing force in France. And France is rapidly creating another million troops out of very good material.

There is not to be any speedy collapse of Germany. Another twelve months at least, before the blows tell. They have already lost one and a half millions of men, and Austria half as many in addition. Japan refused formal offer of alliance from the Kaiser.

There will be no great activity in emigration from England to the Canadian West for some time, but we shall want all the wheat you can grow, and at a good price.

To be continued in next issue

Some Slums, A Rector And Helen Mary

By Frank R. Adams

Author of "The Flivver," "The Day Before Yesterday," etc.

Illustrated by F. M. Grant

THE car belonging to the man who was the confidential wheat broker sloshed stolidly down St. Catherine Street. Like the confidential broker himself his car was wide and comfortable and inclined to hang over the edges a little in graceful bulges.

The confidential broker was not inside the voluptuously upholstered limousine but the lady friend of the confidential broker was. Like his car, his lady friend was a testimonial to the confidential man's opulence. Her clothing was a little too rich, her furs were too ostentatious and she even had on a little more rouge than most of the ladies on St. Catherine Street did, which is saying a good deal. She wore the bored air of one who has too much physical luxury.

The reason she was bored was because life for her was one round of monotonous gaiety and luxury. She lived in a too luxurious apartment up town, she ate too many expensive dinners with the confidential broker, she saw too many "tired-businessmen" shows. The rest of her time when not absolutely idle she spent in entertaining the confidential broker, who was so easily amused that it caused her no exertion whatever.

"I DIDN'T KNOW IT WAS SO MUCH FUN DOING THINGS FOR CHILDREN," THE LADY EXCLAIMED

Aside from the broker she saw very few people and thought of nothing particular except how to retain her beauty which was a problem nature so far had relieved her of.

She was on her way now to one of the gilded hostelries where she was to meet the broker and eat and drink up about $25 worth of the day's profits. She had started early because she had nothing else to do and was so tired of herself that she much preferred sitting in the reception room of the hotel to being cooped up in her own padded cage. At the hotel she expected to spend an hour watching expensively gowned ladies from London and Paris, who had come across to parade their expensiveness.

At a corner near Peel Street there was a tangle in the traffic and the crossing policeman held up his hand, commanding an unexpected halt. The chauffeur of the big car put on his brakes suddenly, too suddenly in fact, for in the slippery slush the rear wheels skidded to the right until they struck the curbing with a jolt that shook some of the confidential lady's powder off. An expression of annoyance crossed her face. The chauffeur was too careless. He would have to be replaced.

Her annoyance increased as she noticed that a crowd was collecting around the automobile. The policeman had come up and the driver of the car had climbed down from his seat to talk to him.

When she looked out to see what was the matter, a cry of dismay and pity escaped the confidential lady's lips. On the sidewalk lay a small boy.

She opened the door of the limousine.

"What has happened?"

"Yer car broke the leg of the kid when she skidded," volunteered another small boy picking up dirty papers out of the slush. "I guess most of his papers is too dirty to sell, too."

The lady beckoned to the policeman.

"Officer," she requested, "will you find out where the boy lives. I will take him home and get a doctor."

The policeman was evidently impressed and ascertained that the boy's name was "Puggy" Shaner and that his address was a settlement building 'way up east of the G. T. shops.

"An' you better hurry," added the policeman, "because a busted leg like that ought to be set as soon as possible or it will cause a lot of trouble later."

The officer lifted the dirty little boy and placed him apologetically on the pale mauve upholstery of the limousine. The lady herself occupied one of the folding seats.

"Ask my driver to go carefully but swiftly and please give him the address."

The boy had ceased crying almost as soon as the policeman had placed him on the cushions and now when the car started up gently he opened his eyes and gazed around in wonder at

the palace of glass and silk on wheels in which he found himself. At length his glance rested on the lady herself but apparently she interested him not so much as the car.

"Gee, it's a swell bus ain't it ?" was his mature comment.

"Do you feel any better, dear ?" The lady leaned over and touched his forehead.

"Don't call me dear," the boy struggled between shyness and a mannish desire not to be considered effeminate. "My name is Shaner,—Puggy Shaner."

"All right Mr. Shaner."

"You can call me Puggy," then he added, uncertain of the social customs of the strata in which he suddenly found himself, "if you want to."

"Now that's settled Puggy. How is your leg ?"

"It don't hurt much."

As a matter of fact the pain was more or less deadened from the shock but it would come on with redoubled force later.

"This must have cost more'n a hundred dollars," he estimated with a mind not yet accustomed to dealing with sums of more than three figures.

Puggy wasn't a very old little boy as the lady noticed when she studied his face solicitously, not more than ten or twelve. He was pretty tough though, if not in actuality, at least in his own estimation, and he evidently spent a good deal of time living up to his opinion of himself.

When the car stopped the lady looked up in the rapidly gathering dusk into one of the meanest streets that she had seen for a long time,—since long before she had become the lady friend of the confidential broker. The car had come to a standstill in front of a dirty group of tumbled down buildings. Between two of these buildings there were narrow entry ways leading up rickety flights of stairs, through unlighted halls to grimy forbidding looking apartments.

To one of these the chauffeur carried Puggy Shaner. The lady preceded him up the stairs lighting matches to show the way.

The door that they finally entered opened upon a single room which obviously did duty as parlor, dining-room, kitchen and bedroom, for the Shaner family.

At present it was occupied by a little girl slightly Puggy's junior who was engaged in bathing a tiny golden haired baby. The ablutions were being performed in a dish-pan set upon the floor and were evidently a success as far as the baby was concerned, because he was laughing.

The little girl looked up in wonder when they walked in unceremoniously.

"The little boy is hurt," the lady explained. "Where is his mother ?"

"Oh, he hasn't any mother," the little girl replied in a matter of fact tone, getting up politely and leaving the baby chasing the soap in his bath.

"Then who takes care of him ?"

The little girl laughed. "Nobody; he takes care of us. I'm his sister and this is his brother." She glanced apologetically at the urchin in the water. "He sells papers and I keep house."

Without further directions the chauffeur placed Puggy on the bed.

"I don't sleep on the bed," protested the young gentleman. "This is for Mame and the kid. I sleep on the floor over there."

"Not this time," said the chauffeur positively.

THE SOCIAL INSTINCT URGED PETER FLEMMING TO SAY, "MAY I SEE YOU AGAIN ?" SHE THANKED HIM WITH HER EYES AND SAID, "NO I THINK NOT ; I HAVEN'T MANY MINISTERS AMONG MY ACQUAINTANCES"

"How about a doctor ?" asked the lady turning to Mame, who had abandoned her charge and was hovering anxiously over her brother. "Is there a physician near by ?"

"I don't know," she returned.

"Gee, you ought to see the swell automobile I had a ride in," interrupted the boy with the broken leg. "It's got silk cushions and everything, and a flower in it."

"Honest ?" the little girl echoed admiringly. "Gee, don't you have all the luck!"

The lady took command authoritatively. "Philips," she addressed the chauffeur, "you had better go for help. I wonder who would know about a doctor around here ?"

"Oh the rector. He'll know," suggested Mame.

"The rector ?" repeated the lady.

"Yes," explained Mame. "He has charge of the Five Points Settlement. He knows most everything and he can tell you just what you want."

"All right," the lady agreed. "Where will we find him ?"

"It's about three blocks in that direction," the little girl pointed vaguely.

"Don't you know the number ?"

"No but I can go to it. Shall I go and get him ?"

"Yes. Take her over in the car, Philips, and bring back help as soon as possible."

But the little girl objected, overwhelmed by an afterthought, "I can't leave the kid."

"That's all right," the lady assured her. "I'll take care of the kid."

"Will you ?" the girl asked eagerly. "Did you hear that Puggy ? I'm going to ride in the automobile too. Won't that be grand ?"

As the chauffeur and Mame left the room she laid a parting junction on the kid's new nurse. "Don't let him eat the soap. It's the only piece we've got left."

After the lady had made Puggy as comfortable as possible, she turned her attention to the naked infant who was splashing around in the dish-pan. Mame's fears were justified. The kid was munching contentedly on the slim bar of soap. He was making very little progress, however, as nature so far had only equipped him with one tooth which was conveniently placed on one side of his mouth on the upper jaw. This gave him a quizzical expression to say the least and made the rest of his facial interior seem rather bald.

The lady rescued the soap which the baby gave up politely but with a reproachful look.

The lady judged that the bath had been prolonged sufficiently and she lifted the dripping youngster and de-

posited him on a towel which lay near by. Fortunately the room was warm enough. It was so small that the fire in the diminutive stove was amply sufficient to thoroughly heat it. Drying the baby was a game as far as the kid was concerned because he seemed to regard every movement of the lady as an attempt to tickle him. She discovered that he had an astonishing number of pink toes and even more dimples, which were located in surprising places. Judging from appearances no matter how poverty-stricken the family was the baby's nourishment had not been overlooked, for he was as fat and soft and happy as all tiny babies should be.

The problem of dressing the youngster was one that the lady did not attempt. Instead she picked him up and wrapped him carefully in her fur coat which she had taken off before she made his acquaintance in the bath.

Thus attired she sat down and held him in her arms. All at once the kid began to cry and she looked him over hastily for any indications of a pin concealed in her furs. Her suspicions were unsupported.

"What can be the trouble?" she asked of the wide eyed Puggy, who was watching her with frank admiration.

"He wants you to rock him and sing to him," volunteered the head of the house. "That's the way Mame puts him to sleep after he gets washed."

"Oh." The lady was a trifle diffident about her power as a vocalist. "What does she sing?"

" 'Bye Baby Bunting,' 'North Wind Doth Blow,' and songs like that."

"I'm afraid I don't remember those songs."

"Oh, anything will do. I don't think the kid would know the difference."

The lady raked her memory for a song appropriate for lulling a baby to slumber. Her memory, treacherous, turned up only such selections as "You Made Me Love You, I Didn't Want To Do It," and "You Made Me What I Am To-day, I Hope You're Satisfied." They were obviously inappropriate but music must be had, so in a voice long unattuned to song she hummed softly through the words of the current rag time successes.

THE LITTLE GIRL LOOKED UP IN WONDER WHEN THEY ENTERED UNCEREMONIOUSLY

She was in the midst of singing a refrain the words of which ran:—

"If you cross your fingers and bend your knees
And do the hesitation, you can hug and squeeze,
Your syncopated darling just as much as you
please—"

when the door opened to admit the relief party. Mame and the chauffeur were accompanied by a tall blond young man with an authoritative air, who went at once to the bedside.

"Well Puggy," he exclaimed, "what have you been doing to yourself now?"

"I had a ride in a swell automobile." This one fact overwhelmed all of Puggy's other sensations.

"His leg is broken Mr. Flemming," volunteered Mame, who had relieved the lady of her burden and was now putting on some of the kid's clothes.

Mr. Flemming took a small grip from the chauffeur which he opened and produced a splint, bandages and so-forth.

"Now if you'll help me," he requested of the driver courteously, "we'll fix it up in no time. Grit your teeth a little, son," he said to Puggy, "because it's going to hurt."

"I got you," replied the boy soberly. "I guess I can stand it."

And he did. It was only once that he had to let out a groan and he apologized for that.

"I didn't mean to yell Mr. Flemming, it sort of slipped out. You didn't really hurt me much."

"How soon can I get back to work?" he queried anxiously when Flemming had bandaged the leg up.

"I'm afraid it will be six weeks anyway," the man returned smiling. "You don't want to walk on it too soon or it will be crooked."

"Six weeks?" the boy was stunned. "Why in six weeks somebody else will have stole my corner. Besides how can we live? I just paid the rent and I ain't got two bits to my name."

"That's too bad," sympathized the man. "It's hard luck when the head of the family gets laid up. We'll have to fix it some way."

The lady spoke up apologetically. "In a way it's my fault that he was hurt and I think I ought help to pay expenses until he gets well.

The tall young man cast a cool, appraising glance at the speaker. She blushed consciously as she felt his glance penetrate her rouged cheeks and lips and search out the soul of her down deep inside.

At length he smiled a frank reassuring, boyish kind of a smile as if to say, "You'll do."

The lady smiled back at him shyly wondering what had become of all her accustomed boldness.

"Thank you," he answered her offer of help at last. "There are a great many things needed here that you can furnish Miss—" he paused politely.

"Helen Mary," she supplied and then blushed hotly as she added, "That's my real name; anyway those are two of my real names."

"And I am Peter Flemming," he returned holding out his hand. "That's my real name too."

"I should like very much to help, Dr. Flemming."

"Oh, I'm not a doctor. I happen to know how to set a broken leg but in

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Ghosts of the Lost Ships

WHAT THE FIDDLER'S GREEN MEANS TO JACK TAR, AND HOW THE LONELINESS OF THE DEEP WILL GIVE EVEN THE LANDLUBBER "THE H'ANTS"

By Frederick William Wallace

Author of "McGonnigal," "Slush and Parsimony," etc., etc.

Illustrated by F. D. Brady

FRIDAY THE THIRTEENTH, ALL TRUE SAILORS KNOW IS THE JONAH OF THE SEA

EVER since primeval man launched the first coracle, superstition and fear and reverence for the unknown have been connected with the sea. The great wide spaces of wind-ruled water were full of mystery to the primitive imagination, and the vast depths were peopled by creatures beyond the ken of man's most fantastic dreams. The voyagers of early days ventured upon the ocean fully prepared to meet rough weather and spiritually prepared to combat the numerous evil spirits supposed to exist afar from the sight of land. Saint Anthony, the patron saint of sailors, stood in a niche on the main-mast or under the fore-castle; holy candles, blessed by a priest, were always to be found in the binnacle ready to light when any happening of evil was likely to occur, and each race or nation, Christian or otherwise, voyaged forth protected by some charm or exorcism against the unknown hazards of the sea.

The vikings invariably had the carved head of some fearsome creature mounted above the stems of their staunch galleys to scare away any sea animal which might attack them. The Chinese, even to the present day, have two great eyes painted on the bows of their junks, and however dingy the rest of the craft might be, the eyes are always kept freshly painted. Seafarers of every clime were haunted by fear of the unknown upon the watery wastes, and, from the aboriginal Polynesians who launched their war canoes over the living bodies of their captives, to the Christian seaman of later days who avoided sailing on a Friday, the superstition of the sea runs in the blood of all.

The advent of steam and steel has done much to dispel all the old fallacies, but let something unusual occur, and the ancient inbred fear of the supernatural asserts itself in the minds of sailormen in spite of their modernity. Thomas W. Lawson, the great Boston financier, claimed a mascot in the date "Friday, the thirteenth,"—a combination which would make a sailor shiver—and the big, steel, seven-masted schooner of the Coastwise Transportation Company was named after him and launched on a Friday to dispel the old nautical yarn of the ship that was "launched on a Friday; sailed on a Friday, with a captain whose name was Friday, and lost with all hands on a Friday." The "*Thomas W. Lawson*" sailed for several years without mishap, but the old fallacy held good when she got away out of her course while on a voyage to England and struck on the rocks of the Scillies one winter's day and drowned most of her crew. Curiously enough, the date she came to grief was on a Friday and the thirteenth day of the month.

Nowadays, the Friday sailing day superstition is a dead one. The majority of liners sail on Fridays. Take the sailing list of the British lines and you will find that to be a fact. But let any series of mishaps befall a vessel which sailed on that fateful day, and the fore-castle oracles will immediately refer to it as being a potent factor in the ill luck. The writer claims to be as modern in his ideas and as free from superstition as most shore people, yet I have run up against some incidents which were inclined to shake my disbelief in the occult at sea.

A brand new tern schooner, loaded with coal, ran ashore on the Nova Scotia coast some years ago, and with the crew—all of whom were saved—there was a black cat which they had picked up afloat on a plank out at sea during the voyage which terminated so disastrously. How the cat came to be floating around on the wreckage, and the name of the vessel it belonged to, are mysteries which have not been solved. However, the cat fell into the hands of a number of my old fishermen shipmates whose vessel happened to be in port at the time the shipwrecked crew arrived, and with his feline majesty aboard, they hoisted sail for the fishing grounds. They had barely made the edge of the Bank before a winter howler struck in and, with the wind blowing fifty miles an hour, they hove the schooner to under foresail and jumbo. For several days they tossed and tumbled over the wild Atlantic seas, while squall succeeded squall and it looked as though the gale would never let up. On two occasions they had narrow escapes from being run down by steamers tearing across the Bank and, with the tumbling and knocking about aboard of the small craft, all the gang were wishing they were safe in a shelter harbor. During

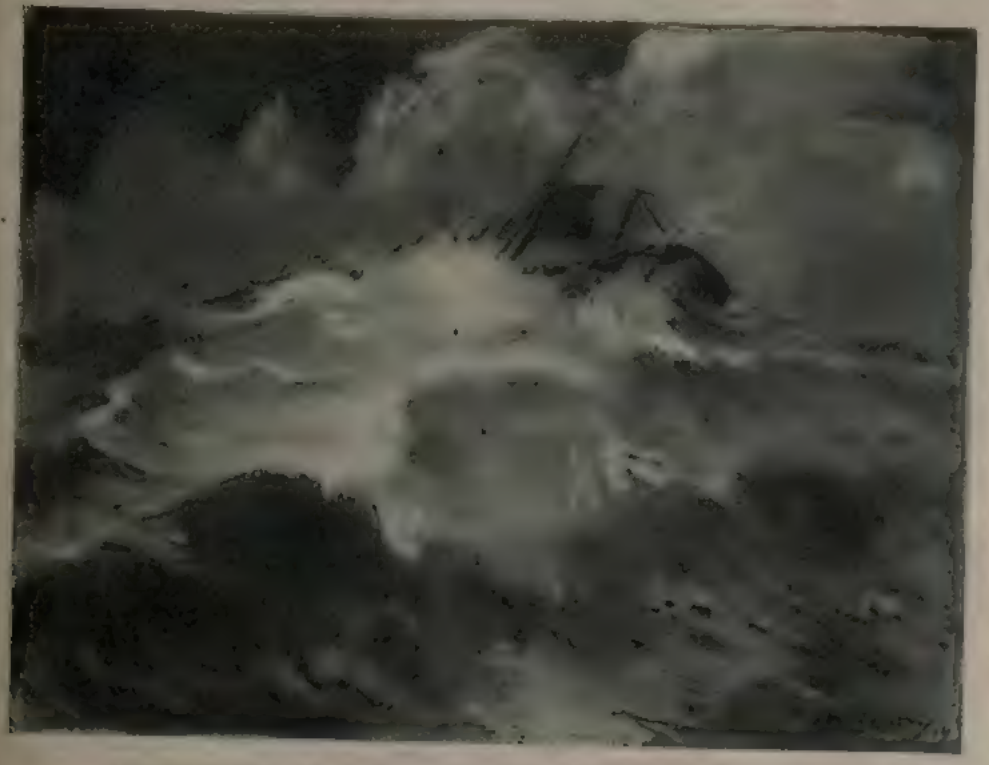
the gale, the cat sat under the cook's stove and refused to eat. "That there cat is dyin'," remarked one of the gang casually, and attention for the moment being centered on the cat, someone passed the opinion that the cat was responsible for the bad weather. Instantly, the crowd lolling in their bunks began to regard the animal with interest, and when one of the younger men said that it should be hove over the side, the others dared him to do it. Nothing daunted, my young fisherman friend procured a sack, placed the cat and some coal in it, and going on deck threw it over the bows. When the next watch was called, the weather eased off, and when morning broke the sea had smoothed down enough for the dories to be hoisted over and the trawl lines set. When they commenced hauling the gear, the young fisherman responsible for the burial of the cat the night before, *found the sack with the cat in it hooked up on his trawl*! Of course, the whole affair may have been but a strange chain of coincidences, but knowing the whole story to be absolutely true, the reader must pardon me if I credit that cat with a little more than ordinary feline attributes.

Cats aboard ship are not credited with occult powers, but I have known cats to do things at sea that I never saw or heard of them doing ashore. I have been shipmates with a cat who thought nothing of jumping overboard from the vessel and swimming ashore. The usual objection to getting his fur wet did not seem to trouble this particular cat and he would be found on deck at all times. While dressing down fish, Tim would welter among the slimy fish until his fur was plastered flat on his body and he looked like no creature I have ever seen before or since. On several occasions, he has sprung overboard after Carey chickens and gulls hovering close to the vessel while the men were cleaning the catch and, in response to his caterwauling, the gang had to launch a dory and rescue him. Tim, however, did this once too often, and when leaping out at a gull one night while the vessel was on Brown's Bank, he was unable to be located in the dark and vanished. I would not like to state that he was drowned, even though he left the vessel seventy miles from the nearest land, for if the proverbial nine lives attributed to a cat hold good at sea, then Tim is probably living yet.

Old time sailormen always reverenced sea birds of certain species. The little brown, black and white feathered Mother Carey's chicken was held sacred by seafarers of all nations. These pretty little birds can be seen skimming between the hollows of a roaring gale-whipped sea, and their very frailty and tininess in comparison with the warring elements may have caused the simple minded seafarers to regard them as being protected by the Divinity. The name—Mother Carey—is derived from the Italian—Mater Cara—and the French seamen call them "Oiseaux de Notre Dame"—Birds of Our Mother. I have heard seamen say that the souls of the Apostles reposed in the Mother Carey's chickens. Other religious reasons have been advanced for their peculiar sanctity among deep water sailors, and none of the fraternity would ever think of harming one of these birds. Among the fishermen of our coasts, the "Carey chicken" is not accorded any particular reverence. Around the fishing vessels in summer, they are a nuisance. When dressing down fish at night, they become attracted by the glare of the kerosene torches around which the men are working, and as the birds fly in their faces, the fishermen will make a swing at them with a broom and knock dozens into the sea. The sickening carrion smell which emanates from the Mother Carey chickens tends to put them in the bat class with the men of the fishing fleets.

Gulls and albatrosses, among deep-water seamen, are popularly supposed to be the reincarnated souls of sailors lost at sea. It is also said that any

EVER SINCE PRIMEVAL MAN LAUNCHED THE FIRST SHIP SUPERSTITION AND FEAR OF THE UNKNOWN HAS BEEN CONNECTED WITH THE SEA



OCCASIONALLY THE LOST CAPTAIN WOULD HAIL OTHER SHIPS TO RELIEVE HIM; AND THE SHIPS THUS SIGNALLED WERE DOOMED NEVER TO REACH PORT

old sailor who has served fifty years upon the briny is endowed with the ability to converse with the gulls. When one of these ancient "fifty year" men die, they do not go to the orthodox heaven. Instead, a mythical region known as "Fiddler's Green," is reserved for shellbacks who have served the allotted time, and the enjoyments accredited to this place are summed up in the terse explanation: "Fiddler's Green is seven miles to wind'ard of Hell where the drinks and smokes are logged, but the score is never paid." Sailors say that all the good looking women on this mundane sphere land in Fiddler's Green for the sole purpose of filling the pot and pipe of the poor Jack who never had a chance to make love to much feminine beauty while on earth. When they tire of Fiddler's Green and its delights, the old sailors are at liberty to turn into gulls and roam the seas. All sailormen hope to fetch to an anchor in the snug harbor of the Green. Heaven or hell has no place in nautical theology, for, as sailors say:—"To work hard, live hard, die hard, and go to hell after all would be hard indeed !"

Of late years, gulls and albatrosses are not regarded with any superstitious awe by modern sailormen. If a man should kill either of these birds and bad weather happened to follow, the slayer would be blamed, but if nothing untoward occurred, the incident would not be noticed. Coleridge, in his poem "The Rhyme of the Ancient Mariner," voices the old deep sea superstition regarding the killing of an albatross, but nowadays on Southern ocean voyages, if a sailor can kill an albatross he has a number of souvenirs to take home. The leg and wing bones make excellent pipe stems and cigarette holders; the great beak is mounted into an inkstand; the skin of the webbed feet can be turned into tobacco pouches and so on. A shark is a sailor's *bete noir*, and when one is caught, it is Jack's delight to carve him open and make a walking stick out of the back-bone. A shark cane, nicely mounted with Turk's Heads and with a wire run through it for stiffening, is really a handsome article, while it is claimed the possessor will never be drowned. A shark's tail nailed to the flying jib-boom of a sailing vessel is good for fair winds. Modern windjammers with short steel bowspirits and no flying jib-boom have killed this little fancy, as they also have the other old saw of sticking a knife in the foremast to raise a breeze. It would be quite a task to drive a knife into the steel masts of present day square-riggers.

Among old time seamen, those really excellent sailormen who hailed from Russian Finland were credited with occult powers. These Russian Finns were splendid carpenters and they were to be found in that capacity aboard most American and British sailing ships. No true deep-waterman would ever fall out with a Russian Finn. If he did, he would work hard to ingratiate himself back again in the foreigner's good graces, lest evil befall him. Seamen of that nationality could converse with the gulls and have messages carried and delivered by them; they could control the winds and bring bad or good luck to a ship. No Russian Finn need drink water unless he cared to, for by merely turning his cap around, he could name the liquor he wished to have and take his pannikin to the scuttlebutt and find his wish fulfilled. This apparently was solely confined to Finns, as many seamen of other nationalities have applied to them for something stronger than water, only to find their request growlingly refused.

Sailors of the old windjammer days often wore gold earrings—it being claimed by them that the wearing of earrings was an excellent thing for the eyesight—but this, with a host of other fallacies has died out. The modern sailor who has paid his shore debts "with the foretopsail sheet" (i.e., run off without paying them) no longer propitiates the gods by singing the "bunt chanty" while rolling up a square-sail.

It used to be considered bad luck aboard ship to turn anything upside down. Watch an old time shellback lift a hatch cover off and you will see him place it on deck right side up. Nowadays, a deckhand will heave things down without thinking whether they are upside down or not.

In certain latitudes during electrical storms luminous balls of light would appear on the yard arms and trucks of ships. These were called "corposants" by sailors—a word derived from "Corpus Santo"—the body of Christ—and if any of the men happened to be aloft at the time, they would immediately shield their faces from the glare. For a man to have a corposant shine in his face was an ill omen. The sight of the Flying Dutchman was another sign of ominous portent, and this particular superstition is probably the best known connected with the sea.

As the yarn goes, Captain Vanderdecken in the Amsterdam ship "Braave," set sail around 1650 for a voyage to Batavia in the Dutch East Indies. On the homeward run, the "Braave" met a succession of westerly gales off the Cape of Good Hope, and after being beaten back from the longitude of Agulhas a number of times, Vanderdecken lost his temper and swore a mighty oath that he would round the Cape even if it took until the day of judgment. Some say that his pilot or sailing master remonstrated with him and that Vanderdecken threw him overboard, but the story goes that on the Dutchman's defiance of the elements, a blood red cloud appeared in the heavens and upon it were traced in mighty letters "Until the Day of Judgment." From then on, the "Braave" and her crew were compelled to keep the sea and work out their penance by forever beating against the westerlies in the effort to double the Cape. Occasionally, he would hail other ships for his position, and the ships so hailed were doomed never to reach port. Thus, the sight of the "Flying Dutchman" was feared by sailors, and many a young shellback on his first voyage to the eastward has been frightened almost to death by the fleeting glimpse of some old windjammer lying to in the swing of the "Roaring Forty" seas.

Superstition is often invested in ships themselves, and the peculiar careers of some vessels would lead one to believe that the supernatural held sway upon them. The old Australian clipper ship "Leander" is held up by sailors to have been possessed of a devil—she having killed or washed overboard no less than 78 men in four years. Whether she actually was responsible for the death of that number it is hard to say, but she got the name, and old sailors state that oftentimes on a dark stormy night, aloft on the yards or at the sheets and braces, there would be more men on her decks than there were upon her Articles.

The deep sea fishermen of our Atlantic coast are a pretty hard headed crowd and little inclined to believe in the supernatural at sea. Indeed, I never was shipmates with men who worried less about Friday sailings, Carey chickens, gulls, etc., than they do. They are so used to the real hazards of the sea that they have little time to scare up additional ones by a belief in the occult, yet they have one or two "h'anting" yarns.

Most Southern Nova Scotia fishermen have heard of the schooner "George Haskell," which, when running before a gale of wind and heavy sea, drove over and sunk an unknown vessel. The shock of the collision was scarce felt aboard the "Haskell" and the only evidence which remained to tell of the tragedy was a smudge of green paint on the cutwater and a broken bobstay. However, upon succeeding trips, it is said that on dark nights ghostly, oilskin-clad men would be seen standing around the "Haskell's" decks and gathered around the mainmast fife rail as if preparing to

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The Hubble Bubble House

By Beatrice Dillon-Lawrence

Author of "Betty of Q.," etc

Illustrated by P. C. Sheppard

BOB WEST is the Managing Editor of the Sunday Crier, the principal and largest Sunday paper in the busy, throbbing city of X——. One day a novel idea entered his news-seeking brain, the substance of which he imparted to his ablest and most intelligent reporter, John Carr, who hailed the scheme and departed after some discussion to carry it out.

The idea amounted to this—West intended to run a full page series of sketches on—"The Intimate Home Life of the Canadian Citizen"; and each nationality was to be dealt with in its turn. Now the fact that Carr chose the Syrian Colony to begin these articles, was rather by accident than design.

A good reporter like a good illustrator, must have varied knowledge and make friends and acquaintances amongst many different classes of people and Jack Carr was certainly not an exception; he not only strode, in his commanding way, over the different castes of society, but over the boundary line of nationality and color as well. He had warm friends in all walks of life and his chief knew that this man with his handsome sunburnt face and winning smile, was the man to perform the present assignment successfully.

"How long do you want?" he asked.

Carr looked thoughtful.

"This is Monday," he chewed the end of his fountain pen meditatively. "Suppose you give me until—say Friday to gather my material and I'll write like the deuce and hand it in before the paper goes to press on Saturday night."

The Chief nodded.

"If you don't get all you want couldn't you dope up something?"

"SUPPOSE YOU GIVE ME UNTIL FRIDAY—I'LL WRITE [illegible] AND HAND IT IN BEFORE WE GO TO PRESS SATURDAY NIGHT"

Carr made a disparaging gesture.

"I'll get all I want," he answered confidently. "This is going to be a regular bona fide article, filled with heart throbs you know the kind." He looked and picked up his hat. "Well, I'm off. West wish me luck."

"Hold on," cried West. "What bunch are you going to start on?"

The reporter leaned back against the half-open door and studied the floor and the ceiling, the open window and finally, with a charming smile, the chief's face.

"Well, I know a Greek fruit man—and a Hebrew clothes manufacturer, and a Syrian importer. I say, make it the Syrian Colony — old Belama's daughter is going to be married this week and I'm surely good for a bid to the festivities."

"O.K. then let it be the Syrians first." The editor returned to his work and the office door slammed.

On Saturday, the editor was in a fury. Carr had failed to show up with the manuscript and what was worse he had not been in the private office all week. Once or twice, West had seen him in the outer office, but when he had sent for him, Carr had disappeared.

Just before the paper went to press, a messenger boy arrived and handed a large envelope to the managing editor, who by this time had exhausted his vocabulary at Carr's expense.

The envelope contained a bulky manuscript and a note. He heaved a sigh of relief and rushed the former off to the press to be set up. He trusted Carr enough to be able to turn it in without even glancing over it, but he sat down and read the note at his ease.

"Old Man

It was a more strenuous game than I thought. Am all in, mavo. It's the heart but I'm taking a week or six

AS ONE BECAME ACCUSTOMED TO THE LIGHT, THE FIGURES SQUATTED ON THE FLOOR SMOKING HOOKAHS BECAME MORE EASILY DISCERNED

holidays now—('The devil he is,' muttered West.) Put Elliot on next week's article and tell him to make it Greek. Don't worry, he can do it.

Will be back on the job Monday week. Jack."

The editor read it first in the morning paper and in common with a great many other people was surprised and delighted with what he read. It was an interest-compelling article dealing with the inner life, hopes, ambitions and aspirations of this little band from far-away Syria, depicting their customs and recounting anecdotes of their loves and fears and hates. An article that throbbed with life and enlisted the sympathies and concern of its readers. It was the heart cry of a strong man in tune with the romance of the East, and it called forth the admiration and congratulations of Carr's fellow reporters. On the following Monday he was offered three different positions on rival papers but John Carr had dropped completely from mortal ken. His relatives said vaguely that he was "away" and West spoke likewise; but the following week he returned, a little silent perhaps, but willing and eager to take up the trail where he had dropped it. And this is how he came to write his famous article.

After he left the newspaper office Carr walked hastily a few blocks east and entered a store, with the windows painted green halfway up and displaying white enamel lettering above, stating that the store was the headquarters of the "Eastern Novelty Co." and underneath, in smaller letters—"Salim Belama, Importer and Commission Merchant."

The reporter nodded to a few clerks lounging around the counter, who were making a pretence at taking stock.

"Mr Belama in?" he asked.

One of the men pointed to a private office.

"In there," he said and then bawled out—"Mr. Belama — Mr. Belama."

The door of the office opened and Mr. Belama issued forth and greeted his friend effusively.

"Hello, hello," he said in a rather foreign voice. He was a short, stout man with thick black hair, an olive complexion and the most wonderful dark eyes. "Come in." He motioned to the room behind him. "Have a cigar."

Carr came in and sat down and had a cigar. He was turning over in his own mind the best mode of attack, and decided to be frank about it. So, he told Mr. Belama what the paper wished him to do and what he wanted to write about and that he wished to be introduced into his friends' family circle. His host nodded approval and beamed with pride. They were having a little party that very evening. Would Mr. Carr come and welcome? They would also be honored to have him at the wedding on Friday morning. Their weddings were usually held on Sundays but a ship left New York for Havre, France, on Saturday and contrary to the usual custom, under which the man gets married one day and resumes business the next, his daughter and her husband were going to take a trip to Syria. The son-in-law was going on business, he hastened to add, evidently deeming a honeymoon unusual. As he himself was the head of the Syrian Colony and a pillar of the Greek church, all of his friends were coming to the wedding and were closing shop for the day. Would he expect Mr. Carr to-night? Yes, he could, and Mr. Carr took down his address and left.

At first Jack didn't see any difference between Mr. Belama's home and any other; he was welcomed quite gushingly and introduced to the Syrian men and women present. He saw, as one generally sees upon entering a crowded room, a great many people staring at him and only one vacant seat. However, when his eyes became accustomed to the subdued light, he noticed several seats he might have occupied and a few things contrary to the customs of the Occidental. In the first place, the parlor was double and he noticed that as the ladies en[illegible] they said a few words here and there and presently joined a group of women in the back room and the men were gradually left to themselves. Small tables were arranged around both rooms within easy reaching distance of the chairs and in the front room these were piled with boxes and [illegible] of cigars and cigarettes. Then, for the men's further refreshment, sweet wine and turkish coffee in cups the size of a thimble, without saucers or handles, were passed around. In the other room, the tables held plates of fruit, glasses of sweet wine, and nuts, which the feminine portion of the gathering broke open like professional nut-crackers.

In both rooms there were old men and women squatting on flat cushions on the floor, and smoking hookahs or hubble bubble pipes, so called from the peculiar noise they make when the fumes of the burning tobacco and perfumed charcoal strike the water in the bottle below. One was handed in turn to all present, much as the Indian takes a whiff from the pipe of peace.

Everyone was very agreeable and pleasant to Carr and made him feel himself to be an honored guest. From the ladies were constantly coming trays in delicacies from their own tables; especially one dark beauty who had previously attracted his notice. When Mr. Belama spoke to him again he asked who she was—

"That is my daughter Nejail, (pronounced Nejlah) who will marry on Friday," his host answered. "You would like to talk to her, eh?"

Jack said that he would be very pleased to meet her, so Mr. Belama led him into a small sitting room where three old women were smoking hookahs and left him.

"Gee, nothing but hookahs," he thought. "This is a regular hubb bubble house."

Mr. Belama returned with his daughter.

"Here is Mr. Carr—Nejail," was his informal introduction, then he was called back to his guests

The two young people stood measuring each other, regardless of the three pairs of bright old eyes watching them.

The girl was thinking that he was the handsomest man she had ever seen, and he was watching the dark luring eyes and pretty gestures reminiscent of a Turkish woman adjusting her veil. She seemed to hold an invisible veil across her face and she played it as coquettishly as a Japanese girl, her fan.

"It's awfully good of you to allow me to come to your house, Miss Nejail. I th—" he was a little embarrassed and looked meaningly at the three old women staring at him.

Nejail smiled and dropped the invisible veil to display her white teeth.

"You may say anything Mr Carr," she said ingenuously in response to his mute inquiry. "These old women do not understand anything but the Syrian language."

Carr laughed aloud at her quaint permission and this removed the restraint between them. Nejail motioned to a chair and they both sat down.

"What I was going to say was—you have a very charming name." Nothing had been farther from his thoughts at first.

Nejail smiled again.

"It means—Oh thou of the beautiful eyes—" she said, "Or—thou beautiful one—there are prettier names." She spoke rapidly in Syrian to the old women and they gathered together their hubble bubble pipes and left the room.

"What did you say to them to get them out?" asked Carr.

"I said—supper is ready—and they hurried away. You do not live to eat but when we are old we have nothing to live for but eating and smoking."

The note of finality in her voice forbade comment.

"How appropriate your name is—Oh thou of the beautiful eyes—but I suppose I ought not to say so. Your fiance—" She looked at him questioningly. "I mean the gentleman you are going to marry—mightn't like it."

Nejail shook her head.

"No, no," she said vehemently, "He would be glad to think that someone admires me, for he doesn't."

"He doesn't," repeated Carr. "Are you joking?"

"Oh no, we neither of us like the other. I didn't know him at all, until a month ago and have seen him only twice since."

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Jobs That Pass in the Night

HAD AN INSPIRATION—THE CRYING NEED OF THE WORLD WAS A HISTORY OF THE EUROPEAN WAR

WHEREIN IT IS PROVEN THAT EVEN THE MOST DESPERATE WILLINGNESS CANNOT FIT A MAN INTO A NICHE HE WAS NOT MADE FOR

THIS is the tale of a "man without a job."

It isn't the usual wail of a starving family, a stoney hearted landlord and "the worst-is-yet-to-come" predictions, but it contains the philosophical reflections of a chance acquaintance of mine, whom we will call "Phil Arkley" (because that is not his name) who persistently refuses to be downhearted over his unemployment because as he declares: "It isn't cruel to joke about being up against it, and it isn't careless. It is simply a Safety First precaution with me.

By James J. Larkin

Illustrated by M. B. Aleshire

"For if I worried and moped I'd likely go crazy, and if I fretted my wife would do likewise, and that would be worse still. So instead, the wife lines up the three youngsters every morning before I start job-hunting and calls out in real military fashion—'Are we downhearted'? and you ought to hear the kiddies holler out 'No!'

"Silly? Perhaps. But between you and me it is not as silly as it looks for it makes a fellow and his wife feel just a little bit stronger to know that nothing is so bad but that it could be worse. Besides, that is the nearest I can get to real recruiting for four very good reasons—a wife and three children."

Arkley was a bookkeeper in a large manufacturing firm which, as he puts it "got the idea that this war was going to be fought in Canada instead of in Europe." Hostilities consequently began with discharges, his own among them

"You see," the erstwhile bookkeeper states, "it was something like this: The boss came in one morning and read the war news. 'Business as usual' he declared as he swung down to his birds-eye maple desk. Shortly afterwards I received a neat little intimation that my services, owing to business depression and the war, were no longer required. This of course created a difference of opinion between the boss and me and I came to the conclusion right then that there was not room enough in that firm for both of us, and as the boss wouldn't quit I had to.

"Forthwith I declared war on all vacant jobs. I captured a few. They lasted anywhere from one hour and a half to a week, until for strategetic reasons I made it a policy to slink away cautiously every evening, so that the boss would forget to tell me that he didn't need me in the morning.

"And you ought to see me, a chartered accountant with an 'M.A.' if you please, putting on double windows for a big fretful landlady; packing boots for soldiers into boxes; driving a regular clothes rack of the equine species for a butcher, while his regular meat delivery pilot, sick with grippe, figured out whether or not he was to drive that antiquated animal on recovery. (I mean the driver's recovery).

"But between these indications of 'perceptible progress' as General French would say, I have had some merry times in my war on vacant jobs. I've been 'repulsed', 'out-manoeuvred', 'surrounded', until at times I have had to figure out how I could successfully 'out-flank' the butcher and grocer.

"Later on, with a municipal election in the offing, I thought perhaps I might find something at the City Hall. This was almost a fatal error. I've had a sore hand ever since. For after the civic satellites got through shaking hands with me and telling me precisely how just my cause was, I nearly believed that I had secured a job. When I woke up I found that I was only going to get a job,—when they opened up a street, built a sidewalk, or a sewer or something.

"I gave that up. None of our family ever lived to be centenarians That isn't in our line

"Then I nearly became interned on a farm until the farmer announced that in consideration of first-class, gilt-edged, early-dawn kind of service he would condescend to pledge me my board. But he wasn't boarding whole families.

"I got the idea about then that the day labor market was pretty well flooded. Apparently I wasn't able to carry any position by assault. There was no way but strategy.

"'Scheming—that's the way to get around it' I told myself, as I set out to hunt up a forty-second cousin of my wife's who runs a moving picture theatre.

"Having firmly impressed upon this cousin the startling fact that blood is thicker than water I expressed the deepest concern in his theatre.

"Needless to say it worried me greatly to see him trying to run a first-class, up-to-date moving picture theatre without a singer. In fact I could see that if he didn't get a singer at once his theatre was going to the bow-wows. There was nothing surer (to me). Now of course I only mentioned it, but I was something of a singer myself

"(I sang Christmas Carols in a church choir once when my youth was sufficient excuse). Thus it was that I became a moving picture Caruso.

"My coming out night was auspicious. Several times I finished a full lap ahead of the pianist who somehow or other didn't seem to like me so well after I had sung. He even muttered something once about a 'runaway locomotive that tore through all the stops.' Another time I heard him remark something about 'Longboat.'

"At closing up time I found my wife's forty-second cousin not angry at all, but regretful. From what he said to me I guess my strongest point as a singer was that I wasn't as bad as some other singers. Philosophically he remarked that as he had engaged me for a week I had better go on, but he begged me, with tears in his voice, to be as easy on his patrons as I could.

"My next scheme was more timely. I hit on it in the course of one of my daily visitations to a favorite bookstore. Oddly enough I had never known that men were making small fortunes every day, selling the latest, most complete, deckled-edged, educative, thrilling, beautifully-illustrated history of the European War. No family should be without one. School teachers clamored for them. Libraries were junk heaps unless one of these books reposed within their shelves. And look at the price—ridiculously low. All this the little want ad said until with great apprehension lest the 'Territory' should be 'snapped up' as the want ad expressed it, I fervently hurried a letter off for a contract and samples.

"But selling the history of a war before the war is over didn't seem to be my forte. Everybody thought the pictures were fine. They agreed that the Allies were putting up a great struggle. Thought Kitchener knew what he was doing. Hoped that the Canadians would make good on the firing line; asked me how long the war would last, and confidentially informed me how this whole blamed business came about.

"What chance had I to sell war book[illegible] to know more about the war than Kitchener himself?

"So now the wife's keeping her accounts in the deckled-edged, illustrated history of the great European struggle.

"Schemes—I revelled in them. Chromos of soldiers gone to the front what loyal wife wouldn't want an enlarged picture of her husband at so much per? But all the loyal wives seem to be concerned about, when I called at least, was just how much they were going to get out of the Patriotic Fund. My loyal wife told me I had better wait awhile. I did.

"Schemes? Why not a Loan and Savings Society to take care of soldiers' wives' Government allowance while the soldiers were away? But my matrimonial business partner asserted that she knew another chap who had established a Loan and Savings Society, mostly with widows' and orphans' money too, and who had a little time yet to serve in Kingston Penitentiary before he was released with what was left of the savings.

"Back to the want ads again. The time I was to leave footprints on the sands of time. No ordinary job was this one to be. 'I write the Nations' songs and I care not who makes the laws.' Song writer, eh was it.

"For here was a philanthropic firm advertising that it must have poems, or go out of business. The world was clamoring for [illegible] music was easy to get but who was going to write the lyrics?

"Come on in and become famous. Send on all your poems at once. Don't worry about the polish; that would be attended to.

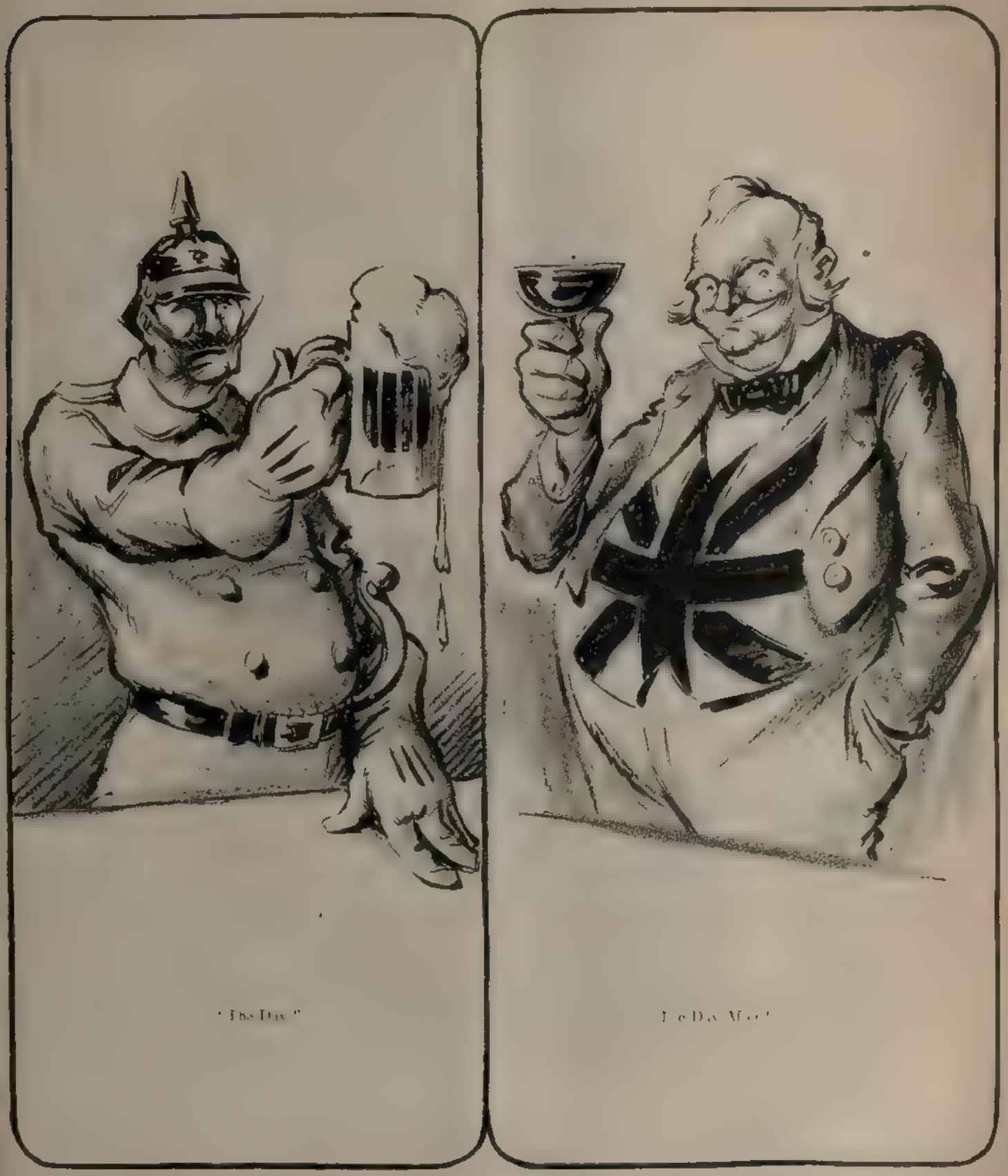
"It was. No product of a boiler shop was ever turned out more strenuously than that song poem of mine. All about the 'Cannons' roar he heard no more', the 'Shot and shell and flame of hell,' and etc. It left 'Just Before the Battle Mother' away behind.

"But I awoke one morning and found myself—not famous, but in line for a thousand copies of my remarkable song to sell if I would send on $1.70 at once, parcel post, or any other old way, not that the firm wished the money at all, oh, no, but just to pay for the cost of publishing the song.

"After some reflection, I decided that as the firm had been so kind to me, it would be a shame to impose upon them any further. Besides wifey remarked that we were not in need of any wall-paper just then.

"I tried the next ad because it was a challenge. In bold type I was informed that any 'intelligent' person could do very nicely corresponding for

Continued on page 410.



"The Day"

"Le Dix Mai"

TOASTS

The House That Jack Built

A BROKEN ENGAGEMENT, A DEADENING DREAM, A HOSTESSLESS HOUSE — AND A MAN WITH A HUNGRY HEART

By Alice Brown

Author of "Meadow-Grass," "The Mannerings," etc.

Illustrated by Gayle Hoskins

JACK GRANT at five o'clock of the summer afternoon, was in the new house, measuring for a corner shelf. He was a robust fellow, something over thirty, with aquiline features and a skin brown and tightly drawn. His blue eyes looked out steadily from their background of tan and seemed the keener for it, like the eyes of all men who live much in the open. He had been thinking about the possibility of the shelf all day while he mowed the east meadow and answered mechanically the pleasantries of the other men. Jack was much prized by his fellows, but they never hesitated in pelting him with all degrees of banter, because his attention, they knew, was absent, and he never really cared. Actually, his mind was on the new house, so perfect now, except for the furniture which would probably never be moved in, that it was hard for him to find a place for any addition to its practical uses and its charm.

People were gentle with him over his worship of it. They even refrained from asking, "What you going to do with your house?" when they heard his engagement to Lyla Gordon was broken. They were too sorry, for Jack was not, they thought, "much consequence," but Jack must have set his heart upon her, or he wouldn't have built her a gem of a house with a soapstone sink and multitudinous closets "all complete." But no one could tell what Jack felt, not even the uncle and aunt living in his old home "up the road a piece," and whom he had meant to leave when he went into a house of his own.

All that was certain about his side of the affair was that he tended and dressed the house now as if he were adorning it for a bride, fitting it with magic contrivances, all to make woman's work the easier. One night even, Abel Fellows, going past at something after eleven, saw a light there and thought somebody had broken in. So he tiptoed up to the kitchen window and peeped, and there was Jack, face flushed and hair in a tangle, rubbing down wainscoting as if he had been at it for hours and meant never to stop.

But this moment of the corner shelf was one of the last ones out of the stillest summer day, full of green leaves and birds. Jack had taken a lingering look at the world before coming in, for he knew he should work late. A feeling of solitude was upon him, and an intimate sense of communion with his house. He always had that when he was alone, here, whether it was because the house had been the work of his hands or that it rehearsed an unfinished dream, not even he could say. But he had no sooner taken up his plane to run it along the strip of board under his hand, than a step struck the porch floor.

WANDERING TO THE WOODS, JACK SAT THERE WHITTLING, AS HE REALIZED THAT HE COULD NO LONGER GO INTO HIS OWN HOUSE

At that he frowned, though as the door opened and some one stood there to bid his eyes receive her before she spoke, he had assumed his old attitude of indifferent calm. But when he looked up at her, Jack did start. This was Janet Gale who lived "down the road" a mile away. She had come within the year to be with Gran'ma Gale, and Jack did not know her very well. But he had seen her at church and walking along the country road, taller and of finer build than any of the neighborhood girls, and almost to be afraid of too, with her calm soft-colored face and her large, deep eyes.

The eyes were what spoke and dominated. They were a living power, and even a startling one because their darkness shone so from the cloud of her soft, light hair. Once, at the celebration of the town's fiftieth anniversary, Jack had stood with her for a difficult ten minutes in a tableau of the first settler and his wife. They two had been chosen because they made, so the neighborhood said, such a likely pair, and [illegible] simplicity [illegible] dent duties.

To-day Janet had come with a purpose, and she did not hesitate in running for it straight.

"I wanted to ask you something, Mr. Grant. Gran'ma said it wasn't my place, but I thought I'd rather be the one."

Jack was looking at her in a kind of alarmed surprise she could not understand. He seemed to come to some sense of his own working disarray, and pushed his fingers up through his hair.

"Won't you sit down?" he asked.

There was one chair, a rough kitchen

one, sometimes to be sawed on, sometimes piled with nails and cleats. She shook her head briefly and continued:

"No. I've only come for a minute Mr. Grant, it's about your house." There she flushed, for she had evidently felt her feet to be on ticklish ground. Jack frowned a little and stood immovable, facing her. Whoever paved the way to talk, it would not be he. This she realized, and herself frowned with the sudden difficulty of it. But she was a young woman of direct address, and threw down obstacles by a dash and onset. "Mr. Grant, maybe you didn't know I was engaged to Bert Yule." Here she did hesitate, conformably, as if such things were not usually offered with so crude a haste. Jack nodded and looked at her the more intently, trying, apparently, to make her out. Having got over the introductory step she was more at ease, and took her course with a clear directness. "I haven't seen him for over a year. He's been workin' in Alberta. But he thinks he'll come home."

"Oh!" Jack accorded.

"He wants to come here to live, maybe set up a shop, or get a piece of land and keep bees. I don't know how it'll turn out." She forgot him for a moment; he could see, her fine brows knitted in consideration of the doubtful question of bees and their swarming, and the price of honey. "Well!" she recalled herself and turned to him with a sudden smile. It warmed her face wonderfully, and moved his heart, too, in a way quite aside from her simple purposes. "Well, if we settle down here, the first thing'll be a house."

"I see," said Jack, gravely. "I see."

He stood quite still, not looking at her now, one hand resting on his bench, the other at his side, a perfect picture of the artisan in repose. She began again and now she hurried.

"I thought of your house. I couldn't help thinkin' of it. It's the prettiest house I ever saw in my life, and gran'ma said maybe you'd sell or let. But she said it wasn't my place to ask you. She said 'twas a man's place. But there's Bert, 'way out in Alberta, and here I am on the spot."

It seemed a perfect reason, especially when she looked at him in that soft, kind way.

"I see," said Jack again, very slowly. "You want to hire my house."

"Hire it or buy it. I couldn't say about buyin'. Bert never's gone so far as that. I don't know—" She hesitated an embarrassed moment, but with a certain dignity went on, "I don't know whether he could. I don't know exactly how Bert's fixed."

Jack found himself wanting to leap off here at a tangent and ask her whether she was going to marry a man

"WAIT A MINUTE," SAID JACK TO THE PATHETIC LITTLE FIGURE IN THE DUSK WHEN S IT GOIN TO BE?"

she estimated at a random guess But he pulled himself back to the house.

"Let or sell," he said, "I s'pose it's all one to me. It ain't likely I shall ever go into the house." But his face contracted, as he said it, and she hastened on

"Gran'ma said you told her so. 'Twas when she offered you some balm and wormwood. If you hadn't said as much as that, I never'd asked you."

Jack smiled a little.

"Wormwood's all right," he corrected, with his gentle humor, "for a house a man builds and never lives in. Well!" He shook his head, as if he threw off deadening dreams. "Want to go over it?" he asked, abruptly. "Want to see the house?"

She brightened at that, and came at once out of her perplexity of wondering whether she ought to be in the business at all. So they began their slow and admiring progress, for Jack was as frankly eager over it as she. He showed her all his little devices for beauty and for saving work, and pointed out the window he had cut after there seemed to be windows enough, to bring the tip of the big maple into the bedroom. When they went upstairs and he opened the drawers of the linen closet, fragrant with new wood he began to feel the excitement of the bride, an emotion made up of delight in the things themselves and a sense of the strangeness of it all. She had not dwelt much on the overthrow of his

hopes. Gran'ma, so old that her opinions got easily blurred and their expression rather negative, had said only, that Jack had meant to get married, and she guessed it never came to anything, and Janet, instinctively solitary in her habit of life, had asked no one else.

Finally, they went "up attic," and Jack took her to the big dormer he had thrown out at the back, just, he told her, to face Mount Everlasting. And there, by natural consent, they sat down on the window seat and followed the purple outline in the farthest sky. Janet recalled her gaze. She was looking straight at him now, and her eyes drew his. He thought he had never seen such soft, dark eyes except in some kind animal, and he almost forgot Janet herself in regarding them, as if they were a separate source of power and life. Janet, calm as she was by nature, looked very vivid. She was, Jack saw, in love with the house. He, too, was in love with it, and he felt the reasonableness of their accord.

"Well," she said, as if she could not hold silence any longer, her desire was so big, "goin' to let me have it?"

Jack did not answer. It hardly seemed important, compared with the riddle of her eyes.

"Am I," said Janet, imperatively, "am I goin' to have it?"

That recalled him. He seemed to catch himself back out of some deep musing.

"I'd rather you'd have it," he said, "than anybody else."

"Then may I?"

"Anybody I know of," he clenched it, and then with a headlong haste, "anybody in the world."

That surprised her, and her eyes gravely questioned.

"But I don't know," said Jack, also recalled perhaps by his own intemperate speech. "I've got to think about it."

She rose at that, her mission being over, and the dusk outside shutting out Mount Everlasting more and more and so advising her that the reason for being there was done.

"Well," she said, "you think about it."

"Be careful of the stairs," Jack bade her, and she returned with a joyous note in her voice:

"Anybody couldn't fall on these stairs. I don't believe gran'ma could. They're so easy, and then the rail's just in the right place."

Jack knew the meaning of that tone. She loved the house and thought it was almost hers.

When he stood in the doorway watching her down the steps, he called out suddenly and she stopped.

"Wait a minute," said Jack. "When's it goin' to be?"

She stood there, almost an heroic figure in the dusk

"When's what goin' to be?" she parried in the thrilling voice responsive to that nearing change.

"The weddin'. When's he comin' on?"

"In about a month," said Janet. "That's when he's comin' on."

Then the dusk enveloped her. Jack went in, not to work, but to think it over. The little shelf he laid aside. It was not finished that night or the next. Indeed, it was not put up for months, until a winter day when he was still thinking of these things, but after another fashion. The next night he brushed his hair rigorously and went up to see her. Janet was sitting on the steps of the little low-browed house, and gran'ma, her chair drawn close to the entry sill, dozed, and dropped a few words at intervals, like leaves from an autumn tree. But Janet, in her white dress, looked like the spring itself, a tree all over bridal white, and so Jack thought, in other terms, as he came up the path and saw her rise to meet him.

"Good evening," she said, in her sweet, full voice. "Gran'ma, here's Mr. Grant."

"That you, Jack?" gran'ma asked, from the depths of her revery. "Well, you better come in, both o' you. It's gettin' damp. I guess I'll poke off to bed."

"You leave your chair," Janet bade her. "I'll fetch it in when I come. We'll sit here a minute, it's so nice."

But Jack did not sit at once. Instead, he stood before her, his tall bulk seeming to top the syringa down by the gate and shut it out. But its breath came sweetly to them.

"When d'you say he's comin'?" he asked abruptly.

"In about a month." Her heart beat hard. Janet was a calm creature, but sometimes she wanted things very much.

"I s'pose we needn't mention it to anybody, need we?" Jack was continuing. "We needn't mention it till then. I hate talk."

"Why, no," said Janet, wondering a little, but thinking it reasonable of him. "I don't see's we need to mention it."

"Not to gran'ma?"

"Not if you don't want I should."

"Well, I don't," said Jack. He drew a breath of greater ease. "I get so tired of their clack. If you could only do anything, and done with it! But you can't. It's 'Why do ye so?' north, east, south, and west. It's like a flock o' blackbirds."

Janet gave a little laugh. It had more than the music of her speech.

"But I ain't got anything to tell," she said, "not yet."

He answered soberly, with a grave indulgence, as to a beseeching child

"Well, I guess you'll get it."

"Get the house? Shall I get the house?"

"I guess so." She drew a long happy breath and he saw again how much she cared. "We'll keep our own counsel," he said, "till the banns and the papers are passed. Only it rents itself all over to me."

Janet could simply say nothing at all. They sat there in the soft summer night. He was very happy and he said he too. I know it was because the house was, after all, fulfilling its purpose and coming to beautiful use. He was the first to speak.

"Well," he said, softly, "you've got your house." Janet put out her hand to him in the darkness, and he gave it a strong, quick clasp. "That's right," he said. "Shake hands on it. It's a bargain." Jack was a man of few words except when he was deeply moved, yet he had a little store of those of a solemn import as befitted the sacredness of the hour. "I hope it'll be blessed to you," he ended, in what used to be his father's prayer-meeting manner. "I hope you'll live in it a great many years."

He stopped abruptly, because he had a sudden vision then of the Janet she would be sometime with her children about her, always calm and miraculously young. But this was too swift a pace. It made him light headed and he returned impatient of it, to what was. "Now," said he, "as you think it over, is there any changes you'd like made?"

"Oh, no," said Janet, fervently. "It's lovely, just as it is. It's a perfect house."

"I can't find much fault with it myself," said Jack, in the tone of disparaging pride accorded to our best beloved. "There's the lilacs, now. I set out four, three purple and one white, right 'side the back door. I don't know's I called attention to them."

She hadn't thought of them, she owned. She had been too occupied with walls and windows.

"Were you anyways interested in a mite of a garden?"

This he put almost timidly, fearing, it seemed, lest her answer should not fit his wish. "Yes," said Janet, "there's got to be a garden. You know, it seems if it happened for all the world as if 'twas meant, gran'ma's got so out with hers. She says, she can't 'tend to it, and it sort of frets her to have other folks fiddlin' round in it, and realize she can't. So she's goin' to give me her perennials if I got a house anywheres 'round here."

"Well," said Jack, in his quiet voice, "come fall, you can move it lock, stock, and barrel. I'll kind o' get the beds

Continued on page 413.

THE OUT-OF-DOOR GLORY AND COLOR DISTINCTIVENESS OF THE RIVERS OF THE WEST ARE UNFORGETTABLE

Through the West By Water

INTIMATE LITTLE JOURNEYS INTO THE KNOWN AND UNKNOWN WATERWAYS OF OUR WEST

By Aubrey Fullerton

Illustrated from Photographs

IT IS all very well to talk of the languorous delights of the subtropics, but none of them is quite the equal of summer days and nights in the river country of Canada's Western North. You really don't know what out-of-door glory, and nature's witchery, and abounding brightness are, or feel like, if you have never experienced a Western river. Its delights are distinctive and unforgettable. For they are made up of a color, an atmosphere, and a spirit that belong by native and exclusive right to the summer West.

To camp by a hill-set lake, in the still of the Northern woods; to paddle down the magic Peace in a white man's canoe or an Indian dug-out; to ride the rapids of any one of a dozen streams in northwestern Alberta; to wind in and out along a crooked course through the mountain wilderness of British Columbia; to see nature in its softest moods, in a stretch of flowered prairie, or in its most reckless moods, in a deep wild canyon or pounding cataract; to feel one's own tininess in an all-pervading bigness; to breathe a mystic air and drink an elixir that never fails To do these things is to taste the joy of living, and with such good tastes the Western North is filled.

The water is both a part and a cause of this distinctive charm. There is more water in Western Canada than it gets credit for. The impression, somewhat frequently given, that the West is a great, flat, unbroken prairie, very well adapted to wheat and gophers, but, generally speaking, bare and riverless, is a big mistake; for while it is true that the West has its dry and treeless districts, it is so large a country that it has put these barren parts into a few of its corners, and has still had room to spread out the most remarkable river and lake system in the world, to which not only beauty but very material usefulness appertains

A map of the western provinces with the towns and railroads left off—with nothing on it, in fact, but rivers and lakes—would yet be a well marked map, gridironed and herring-boned to every point of the compass. For the sake of knowing Canada, such a map would be worth the making, and a little study of it would quite remove the impression that the West is waterbare.

One may go by water from Winnipeg, northeast to Hudson Bay, and northwest to the foothills of the Rockies, a hundred miles past Edmonton; or from the end of the railway at Athabasca north to the Arctic Ocean, or from the very heart of British Columbia's mountain country south and west to the Pacific. All these water routes, covering nearly a half continent's width, are possible with comparatively few interruptions and portages, and when the time comes, and the money with it, some of them at least will be cleared out and made commercially navigable for their entire length. Transformations almost equal to those initiated by the first cross country railroads are awaiting the day when steamboats will sail the prairie route across the Canadian West, as for many years they have sailed the Mississippi to the south

[illegible] BOTH A PART AND A CAUSE OF THE DISTINCTIVE CHARM OF THE WEST, AND THE IMPRESSION SOMETIMES GIVEN THAT THIS PART OF THE DOMINION IS BARE AND RIVERLESS IS A BIG MISTAKE

To say nothing of the thousand and one streams and creeks that run, like veins and nerve-fibres, across the southern plains, not directly affecting transportation, but greatly helping in watering and beautifying the country, there are a half dozen or more river and lake chains in the middle West and North that rank with the great waterways of America. Of lakes there are twenty-five in Alberta alone that are each more than twenty square miles in area, Lake Athabasca heading the list at 2,850 square miles; in Saskatchewan there is a larger lake area than that of Lakes Superior, Huron and Erie combined. Manitoba is justly proud of its Lake Winnipeg, 250 miles long and 9,000 square miles in area; Great Bear Lake, away up in the north, is the fifth largest body of fresh water in the world

The rivers that link up these lakes are proportioned on the same scale. The Saskatchewan, emptying into Lake Winnipeg, and then into Hudson Bay by way of the Nelson River, gives a possible route of 1,500 miles; the Athabasca and Mackenzie form a double system of nearly 3,000 miles the Peace is navigable for 900 miles; the Yukon, up in the left-hand corner, runs 2,000 miles. All these rivers are generously supported by tributaries, which in some cases are themselves very substantial streams. There are no waterway systems in the world whose main lines divide and subdivide more complexly or, with the lakes along their course, drain larger basins In fact, the Canadian West is the country where nature's watering-can long ago made trickles and river-beds, on either side of the mountain watershed, as freely and recklessly as it willed

The most conspicuous feature of this many-branched system is the Saskatchewan, a river that will stand comparisons. It is a river, too, worth better knowing, for its own sake and for that of the country through which it crookedly flows. Some have called it the Missouri of the North, and others the St. Lawrence of the West, and to both these borrowed compliments it has some claim. Its real length depends upon whether its mouth be located on Lake Winnipeg or Hudson Bay, for while the geographies say the former, it looks as though nature intended the Nelson River simply to be some more of the Saskatchewan, with Lake Winnipeg a mere incidental. It is an ancient highway of the redmen, and the smoke-wreaths of a thousand teepees once edged its banks. It is the way, too, of the early explorers, who were the first to find how much West there was. And in later times it has seen the frequent passage, in their season, of vagrant trappers and itinerant traders. Men have gone up and down this river of the long Indian name for years unknown. It is an old and storied river, that has played a pioneer part; yet potentially it is new. As a commercial highway and a power-producer its greatness is yet to be.

Surveys of the Saskatchewan's entire length have recently been made for the Dominion Government, with the result that it is now known to be a somewhat variable river, forty feet deep in some places and only five feet deep in others; but a good deal of dredging and the building of a few locks would give a minimum five-foot waterway from Winnipeg to Edmonton. The heaviest piece of improvement would be at Grand Rapids, where the Saskatchewan empties into Lake Winnipeg, a stretch of bad water that would call for some big engineering This improvement project may some day be carried through, and for an outlay of some fifteen million dollars so it is said, a commercial waterway may be had on which freight-boats may ply a 1,500-mile route between Winnipeg and the foot of the Rockies

The Saskatchewan is remarkably spread out. It is mountain-born in both its northern and southern branches, the former rising inconspicuously in the Rocky Mountain Park at the extreme western edge of Alberta, and

the latter uniting several minor streams that come out of the mountains in the southwest corner. The North and South Saskatchewan, after gathering up a score or more of tributary rivers that network the larger part of Alberta, unite below Prince Albert and go on as one to the end. Like all mountain streams, their current is swift and somewhat tricky. The north branch, particularly, is given to sudden swelling at snow-thaw time, and in a single night sometimes carries whole lumber drives to swift destruction.

Of the same mountain parentage, and from almost the same birth-place, comes the Athabasca, and a little higher on the map is that magic river, the Peace. Both flow west and north, pick up a number of lesser streams, and, after a thousand miles each, run into Lake Athabasca. From there they connect, by way of the Slave River and Great Bear Lake, with the Mackenzie, which then makes a through run to the Arctic. There is nearly three thousand miles to the credit of this great Mackenzie system, any one of whose links is itself a river of distinction.

The Athabasca is better known to the outside world for the riches along its way than for its own greatness or beauty. In its earlier stages it flows through an excellent timber country. Below Athabasca Landing it cuts into banks and hills of native asphalt, tar, sand and coal; and just before it turns on its last due-north stretch it leads into what is believed to be the richest oil and gas belt in the world. Navigation is interrupted at this point by many miles of rapids that can be regarded only as a nuisance, but the Dominion Government has done some improvement work on them, and more will likely follow, for the underground wealth of the region is of the kind that the public wants to get at.

It is on this river that one sees, meanwhile, as nowhere else, the romance of northern transport. There is nothing da'nty about a forty-foot flat-bottomed York boat, whose whole get-up suggests the sixteenth century; but there is something wonderfully interesting about it. By such craft, pending the building of a railroad, all the freight for the farther North makes its first stage, and that fact alone—that miscellaneous merchandise is on its way to the wilderness—gives liveliness to what would otherwise be merely clumsy. Reckless, tireless half-breeds, put these heavily laden boats through water that would spell disaster to any others, and seldom lose a dollar's worth. Only once in many years, for instance, have His Majesty's Mails come to grief on their way down the Athabasca. Some three years ago one of the boats, containing a part of the season's mail for the North, was hauled up for the night on the shore

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Disappointing Dad

By Winnifred G. Astle

Illustrated by F. R. Kirkbride

ONE day, early in the Spring, Kerr was interrupted at a very busy moment by a long distance telephone call. Lennoxville wanted to speak to him. He was just wondering who he had any business with in Lennoxville, when he heard his son's voice at the other end of the wire. He had forgotten at the moment that Fred was in the college there.

"What's the matter?" he asked, rather anxiously.

"Can't you come over here to-morrow?"

"Over where? Lennoxville? Are you sick again?"

"No. There is going to be an athletic meet that —

'A what? Oh, ath —— no, I'm too busy."

"Oh, but father, it's going to be a corker of a meet, and you used to come!"

"Going to be what kind of a meet?"

THE CROWD WAS SHOUTING MARS ALI BUT AT THE WIDENING MARK BETWEEN THE DARK HORSE AND THE OTHERS THERE WAS A ROAR OF KERR KERR

"A cork—I mean a most interesting meet.'

"Did you say corker?"

"I suppose I did"

"I'll be there." Kerr hung up the receiver, got up from his desk and walked about the room. Fred, his boy, he of the Roman games, glasses near-sighted and farsighted, and a profound interest in ancient art, had said "corker." Kerr felt happy for the rest of the day. His happiness got him on the train the next morning, and over to Lennoxville, wondering at himself. He looked around for his son at the station, and, not seeing him there, walked up to the college. On the way up, he began to have small pulsings of a feeling he had forgotten. The old trees had not changed. And the slope of the hill down from the gym. to the athletic grounds was still tracked by spiked feet There they come now, a little army of boys in their white running trunks and their sweaters. They were going down to the track now. Kerr quickened his step. He used to come out of that gym. in white trunks and a sweater. By George!

He'd like to get the things on again, and have a go with the boys. If only Fred—his face clouded. Lock the thought in as he might, forget it, stay away from the place till he died, still the thought was there. The boy had been a disappointment to him. He got a programme from the usher, and picked his way around the oval to the seat he wanted. There it was empty, as if waiting for him. Just opposite the finish, with his back to the sun, he settled himself, and began to open out his programme. He was a little curious about one thing. Just then, a voice beside him spoke plaintively. "Oh, I wish we had a programme!" Kerr looked up. She had not spoken to him. She was looking anxiously for an usher, and beating her lips with nervous fingers. She was a pretty little girl of about seventeen. Kerr looked at his programme with regret. "Won't you use mine?" he said, gallantly. The girl looked at him, and blushed—very becomingly as Kerr thought.

"Oh—" she hesitated. "You are very good." She glanced up to where her chaperon sat. "I think I might—I do want one so badly!" Kerr found her struggle amusing. She was so young and pretty, and anxious not to accept attentions from strange men, and probably quite incapable of using a programme after she got it.

"Do take it," he urged, in his oldest and most fatherly voice. She looked at him again, and he, remembering that the hair about his ears was decidedly grayish, held out the programme confidently. She took it and smiled at him. "I do want one so particularly, and the usher passed us by. This is to be a most interesting meet."

"What is going to happen?" he asked.

"In the first place," she explained, "the weather is just right, warm and good for records. Then, it's the intercollegiate meet, and there are some unusually strong men from the West—Pearson and Murray—in the hurdles, and that big hammer thrower—oh, yes, McDonald. Then, my brother George thinks he'll break his own broad jump record. He's been doing it right along in practice, and we're all counting on him." Kerr felt a sharp pang.

"Is he on the oval?" he asked.

"No, there he is now, coming in at the gate. Isn't he just splendid?" Kerr saw a tall young fellow, with a good head and a very noisily striped blanket, striding down the track. He was a fine looking boy, and Kerr felt another pang.

"He carries himself well," he said. "You ought to be proud of him. So he's a broad jumper?"

"He's the broad jumper," corrected the girl, with a mingling of pride and mischief. "There can't anyone around here touch him." Kerr understood her feeling. He could remember the time when he was as proud of one track performance of his own as he would have been over a diplomatic triumph. He looked rather sadly at the field. He thought of Fred, and how proud he might be if Fred could care for all this. He wondered what had moved Fred to ask him over, and where the boy might be in this crowd. The girl at his side was talking to her friends, and Kerr was moved to steal a look at the programme she held, to seek the other name of George. He found him among the broad jumpers—George Martin, Jr. Well! So that was George Martin's son. Kerr set his lips tightly. When he met the gaze of George Martin's sister, he smiled.

"I think I know your father," he said. "He was a senior when I entered here. I've never quite lost my awe of him." The girl blushed and dimpled. "If you know my father," she said, "I think that I will tell you a secret. I simply must talk about it to some one, and I've promised not to tell the girls." She laughed as she pointed to another place in her programme. "This is the sensation of the day." Kerr followed her finger. It was the 100 yard dash. It had been his race, and when he sat down here, he had been about to gratify an idle curiosity. Well, well! it was still his. He felt a queer glow of pleasure. He had supposed some youngster had lowered that by now. For some ten years he had kept track, but of late he hadn't cared. He wouldn't have cared now, had he lost the record—yet he was a little pleased. The girl was explaining something. "You see that record? Well, just notice that it was made 'way back in the nineties. Of course it has been broken at some of the big American meets; but it has stood for the Canadian record for all these years." This little girl could care, when his own son—she interrupted him. "But it's to be broken to-day."

"You don't say so!" He was really interested.

"And by the darkest kind of a dark horse. It is the most interesting story you ever heard.

"You see," she went on, "he's my brother's chum, this young man. Kerr is his name—Mr Kerr.

"Oh, yes. Well, it's really pathetic. You see, he isn't strong—that is, he hasn't been. And he always cared so." Her wide open eyes sought his with a look of sympathy that he could answer by astonishment.

Had Fred cared? The girl went on. "You see his father is wonderful—at least, Fred says so. He admires him more than anything, because he's big and strong, and you always feel as if he could do anything, and be a real king of men."

Kerr stared. "Do you know his father?" he asked.

"I suppose I don't," she laughed. "But Fred has talked so much that I feel as if I did. You see his father has been utterly disappointed in him, and it has been too bad all around." So Fred had understood.

When he was just a little boy he couldn't do anything the other boys did, and he was always sick, and kept being different from boys. And he knew he was different, but he couldn't help it. And he knew it hurt his father's feelings just to look at him or have him around.

"I don't suppose your friend's father meant to have him know," Kerr suggested.

"Oh, no," she exclaimed. "But he did know. And he used to cry at night like a silly girl. He had nerves—and he used to wish he could die or be stupid, because most of the boys he knew were stupid. But he couldn't be anything he wanted to be."

"Poor chap," said Kerr.

Then they had no more talk for some time.

The hurdles were set up and the 220 run. Kerr looked at them absently. Suddenly the girl turned to him.

"There he is now. The fair haired one, standing up." She was pointing out Fred to him. Kerr gazed. The boy had straightened up. "What made him go in for track work?" he asked.

"He came to college, and heard about this." She pointed to the old record. "His father hadn't ever told him. But all the men here talked about it, and wondered if it would stand this year, and who would break it. Some said it never would be broken till we had a better track. And Fred made up his mind that if anyone did it, he would."

Kerr felt a surprising glow of pleasure.

"Good boy!" he said.

"He was getting stronger, anyway, and the doctor said he would outgrow his cough and things. But you ought to have seen him try!"

"How do you know all this?" Kerr asked.

"He's George's chum, you know—and, then, he has told me things. George says there isn't a man on the field in as fit condition as Fred. He hasn't just run on the track like the rest. He's regularly trained himself in the gym. and everywhere. And nobody guesses it. Everyone thinks that Marshall will win the 100. But George says—Oh!"

Kerr followed her glance, and caught

his breath. They were lining up for the 100—his race. And there was Fred, fair-haired, slim, his white trunks fluttering in the wind, the numbered tag on his shoulder waving.

"He's number five," whispered the girl.

Kerr nodded. He was scanning his son with a critical eye. Fred looked his training, and every fibre of Kerr's big body quivered with pride in him.

"I hope he does it," he had time to say, before the boys got on their marks. The starter's arm went up, and Kerr felt the old sickening heartbeat of expectation. He could hear the familar; "Get ready, set"—and the pistol shot. How well five got away from the mark. Fred sprang from the mark to a beautiful start and gained a yard on the other men. Down the track they fairly flew, each man striving his utmost. Faster and faster their legs moved, and the pace grew terrific.

"What a stride he has !" Kerr almost shouted

"Keep it up, there ! Good boy, Kerr !" The man was half beside himself. George Martin's sister was begging: "Run ! Run ! Run !"

At the 25 yards, Fred was still leading, with Marshall a good second. At the 50 yards Marshall was gaining a little. The suspense grew intense. The 75 yards was reached with each man working like a demon to get to the tape first. On they flew.

The crowd was shouting: "Go it, Marshall ! Go it, Marshall !" But as the widening mark appeared between the dark horse and the others, there was a deafening roar of: "Kerr, Kerr !" The older Kerr leaned over the railing, and swung his hat. He was running the race. Every stride the boy took was his.

Ten yards from the finish, and the suspense was ended, as it was seen that Fred had the race well in hand and could not be headed.

"Good boy, Kerr ! Good boy, Kerr !" he shouted. Fred crossed the finish the winner, with Marshall one yard behind him. It was a great finish.

"Oh ! Oh !" screamed George Martin's sister. "He won it. I told you so. He won it. He's broken it. I know he has." She had twisted her programme into a string. Kerr sat down shakily. He could remember the day he did it in nine and four-fifth seconds. If only Fred had done it. The announcer's megaphone was turned their way

"100 yard dash, won by Kerr, '15, time 9-3-5 seconds. This breaks the Canadian record, held since—" the crowd drowned the rest. George Martin's sister, wringing her hands for joy, saw the elderly man who knew her father leap from his seat, clear the fence and race across the track. He made his way through the press of boys that wanted to shake Fred's hand, and of reporters who wanted to photograph him. The two confronted each other, the tall man, broad shouldered, grizzled. The boy slight, fair-haired, breathing hard after his race The older man gripped his hand.

"You young scoundrel !" he said, not altogether easily—there was something unusual in his throat. "If you had to steal your father's laurels, you couldn't have done it in better form !" He wrung the boy's hand and the two let a good many years slip from between them as they looked at each other. Then the word went around that this was Kerr's father, and the rooters velled out their excitement in shouting for the two.

KERR FOUND HER STRUGGLE AMUSING. SHE WAS DELIGHTFULLY YOUNG, AND EXTREMELY ANXIOUS NOT TO ACCEPT ATTENTIONS FROM A STRANGE MAN, BUT SHE [illegible] 'DO TAKE IT,"

The Mystery of the Jade Earring

By Henry Kitchell Webster

Author of "The Butterfly," "The Whispering Man," etc.

Illustrated by Percy Edward Anderson

SYNOPSIS

Jeffrey, a successful artist, undertakes to paint for the "queer, rich, invisible Miss Meredith" a portrait of her dead niece taken from a photograph. For some strange reason the commission gets on his nerves and he goes abroad suddenly, without ever having seen Miss Meredith, but only her confidential agent and physician, Dr. Crow.

The story opens at the point where he returns to find his friend Drew, who tells the tale, at home with Madeline and Gwendolyn discussing a mysterious murder. Oddly enough, the murdered girl—a singularly beautiful woman with masses of fair hair—was found frozen in solid ice, clad in a ball-gown which had been put on her after she was shot through the heart. Next morning Jeffrey telephones for Drew, and when he hastens anxiously to the studio, says the portrait has been stolen. By a bit of amateur detective work, he finds the man who stole the frame and he confesses, but swears that he never touched the painting. On their return to the studio, Jeffrey learns that Togo, his valet, had removed the picture from the frame, but they cannot find it. Jeffrey recites some of his uncanny experiences in his Paris studio, one of which was seeing a light in his window, and on going in quietly to surprise the intruder, finds a candle still warm but—a vacant room. Jeffrey goes to Etaples to get rid of the cobwebs and regain his nerve. Returning he finds in his studio an unfinished portrait of a beautiful girl, with the paint still wet, and giving evidence that the artist had painted her own likeness from a mirror. Next morning the portrait had disappeared. He decided to leave Paris, and on the night before his departure was standing on a bridge when he noticed a woman leaning against the rail. The hood about her head fell and—it was the girl of the portrait! Two years later he received the Meredith commission. On opening the photograph he finds the face of the ghost girl of his Paris studio. Dr. Crow is impressed presumably coming for the stolen portrait. Drew sees Crow in Jeffrey's place, and sensing an unasked question in Crow's assertion that in the portrait Jeffrey has succeeded in getting beneath the surface and has presented the likeness really more vividly than the photograph, tells him suddenly that Jeffrey had a studio in Paris—a year after Claire Meredith died. Was it the light, or was Dr. Crow actually paler? Drew and Jeffrey discuss Crow's interest in some details contained in the portrait which were not in the photograph, particularly a bluish green streak under one ear, which resembled a jade earring. Jeffrey explains that this was in the ear of the girl on the bridge. Drew asks if it was "like this" and, displaying the earring. While looking for a card Crow had dropped it. The police lieutenant tells Jeffrey he has found the portrait among the effects of a raided spiritualist. A crude picture had been painted over the original, but when Jeffrey scrapes this off, Richards exclaims, "It's the girl they found frozen in the ice." Between them, Jeffrey and the lieutenant work out the theory that the portrait was stolen to "make a ringer" for the dead Miss Meredith, so that the spiritualists might impose on the credulity of the wealthy and eccentric aunt. After the murder of the substitute girl, the thieves took fright and painted over the picture in order to hide it. A Japanese postcard sent by Jeffrey to Togo, supposed to be in league with the gang, is found to contain their new address. To aid the police Gwendolyn goes to consult the clairvoyant, who admits herself a medium, but says she fears the police.

CHAPTER IX.—Continued.

"Then we both waited a minute, and at last I asked her if the spirits would come anywhere she wanted them to, because then we could have a private seance somewhere where the police wouldn't dare come. She said she could do it, all right, but it came rather high. Introducing spirits into a private house seems pretty expensive business. It's going to cost thirty dollars. And Jack thinks that's awfully extravagant."

"Extravagant!" Jack snorted angrily. "It's the only silly thing I ever knew Gwendolyn to do."

"But what is she going to do?" I asked.

"Why, she's going to bring that woman here—here—to-morrow night—for a seance in this house! I wish you'd try to bring her to reason. I can't."

"I want you all to come," she said. "Madeline won't. She says she's going to spend the night at the Crosbys'. I think that's just an excuse. But I want you and Mr. Jeffrey—oh, and Lieutenant Richards! I want you to call him up, Cliff, and invite him."

At the mention of Richard's name Jack fairly blew up.

"What on earth are you thinking about?" he demanded. "We'll look nicely in the papers the next morning, sha'n't we? I should think you'd had enough of that sort of thing."

"There won't be anything in the papers," said Gwendolyn, rather coolly. "I should think you knew me well enough to have a little more confidence in me than that."

"But, Gwendolyn," I expostulated, "if you have that woman arrested here in our house for conducting a seance, I don't see how you can keep it out of the papers. On the whole, I'm inclined to agree with Jack. You'd better have nothing to do with it. Richards will find a pretext in a day or two for arresting her."

"She won't be arrested for conducting a seance," said Gwendolyn. "That's not the plan at all."

"What is it, then?" I demanded.

She was silent a moment before she answered.

"No, I'm not going to tell you. You might make all sorts of objections. You just come to the seance—it will be down in the library at eight o'clock to-morrow night—and see what happens. I promise you that you won't be sorry if you do, and that you will be sorry if you don't. That's fair. And now, if you still tell me to let it all go and pretend I never went to see her—I never heard of her—I'll do as you say."

"Jack's got the deciding vote," said I. "It's his house, and it's his wife. What do you say, Jack?"

He laughed. "Oh, I haven't the nerve to tell her not to do it!" said he. "A husband's authority is all very well, but it's an awkward thing to exercise on anybody who's as likely to be right as Gwendolyn."

"And you'll come?" she asked. "And you'll let me have Lieutenant Richards?"

"That's the bargain, isn't it? You're

to run the show. We'll obey orders and no questions asked."

"You're a dear," she said. "I've half a mind to tell you all about it. But it will be ever so much more fun for you if I don't. Will you call up the lieutenant, Cliff?"

The Marshalls' library was a big, rather formally arranged room, with a fireplace in one end between a pair of bookcases. Opposite it, at the other end of the room, were another pair of bookcases with a mirror between. It was very dignified and rather solemn for an every-day family loungingplace. I rather wondered at Gwendolyn's choice of it, for it seemed to me that it, more than any other room in the house, was unfitting for her purpose. It would be—well, almost profaned, by a piece of charlatanism such as Gwendolyn proposed to have take place there. But we had agreed to ask no questions.

The next evening, a little before eight, Gwendolyn shrouded the library in semi-darkness, and viewed her handiwork by candlelight from the stairway. Satisfied with the effect she distributed us to our several positions to await the coming of the medium—all of course except Richards, who had to be kept in the background until the seance was actually under way.

The medium herself was a rather rotund person, with a peculiarly disagreeable voice and a pasty complexion. Her cabinet, which was nothing but a wooden frame, two feet square or so, and seven or eight feet high, stood in the corner of the room behind where the medium was sitting. A little to the right from it was a small portable organ, which was apparently to be presided over by the medium's assistant. Jeffrey and I exchanged glances when we saw that he was unmistakably a Japanese.

Jeffrey, Jack, Gwendolyn and I, sat around in a semicircle opposite the medium. Jeffrey's chair was at the end, within reaching distance of the old library-table, which had been moved over to the side of the room to leave suffhcient space for our circle.

There was a little doorway at the end of a sort of narrow alcove which led into the back hall. This door was left unlatched, and we had taken the precaution to oil the hinges. When things were fairly started Richards was to come down to this door and station himself where he could observe events and take any action that they might render appropriate.

I had attended seances many times before, and had long ago learned that they were always exactly alike, so that it was with no thrill of excitement or expectancy that I took my seat and waited for things to begin. Jack shared my feelings, and both he and I were puzzled to account for the demeanor of the other two. Of course, such things might be new to Gwendolyn; but even novelty alone couldn't have given that added color to her cheeks nor quickened her breathing.

As for Jeffrey, he was as excited as she, though all he showed of it under a studiously repressed demeanor was an edge to his quiet voice. In the dimly lighted room we were all very hushed and decorous, as the etiquette is at such gatherings.

The Japanese went to the organ and began racking our nerves with hymn tunes frightfully out of key, both literally and figuratively, for we all had associations with them that made the cheap trickery of the present occasion jar badly on our nerves.

After he had played a while the medium began to talk, her throaty, unpleasant voice fittingly accompanied by the rasping wheezes of the little organ. Her English was as bad as her voice and her vulgar platitudes and her supposedly mystic jargon were worse than either. After a little introduction she began to ask questions, with the perfectly obvious purpose of getting data for the communications we were waiting for. Gwendolyn was the only one of us who was either inventive enough or sufficiently interested to make replies, but these were evidently encouraging to the medium, for she warmed to her work.

There were a few preliminary manifestations, the muffled jangle of a bell, and some thrummings on a badly tuned guitar, and then suddenly, in a moment of stillness, a thin, childish voice spoke out of the empty air. It

AFTER SHROUDING THE LIBRARY IN SEMI-DARKNESS, GWENDOLYN VIEWED HER HANDIWORK BY CANDLELIGHT FROM THE STAIRWAY

was pretty well done, and if I had not been waiting for it and been perfectly acquainted with the trick of ventriloquism, by which the medium herself produced it, it might have startled me.

"That's my control," announced the medium in her own voice. "Now, if any of you have any questions to ask of any of the departed, Bright Eyes will give them power to speak and perhaps to appear before you. But I warn you to sit absolutely still in your places, as a single move might have serious results."

There was a moment of silence, if the faint drone of the organ does not forbid the use of the word, and then Gwendolyn spoke.

"I wish to communicate with some one," she said. "She passed over a little over two months ago, on the 19th of December."

It was perhaps ten seconds before the medium answered. I wasn't thinking so much about her as I was about the date; there was something vaguely familiar about it.

"What was the name of your friend?" the medium asked.

"She never told me her name," said Gwendolyn, "but she will know who I mean by what I can tell about her."

"What can you tell, so that Bright Eyes can know who is called?"

"She was very beautiful," said Gwendolyn, and already the thrill of her voice was beginning to infect me with a new excitement. "She was young, about my own age, I think, and she had wonderful masses of beautiful blond hair."

The organ stopped playing, and the silence gave the situation a new thrill. I felt a current of air stirring about my feet, as if some one had opened a door.

The thin, childish voice spoke now again, but somewhat uncertainly, as if the throat that uttered it were contracted with a sort of unreasoning fear.

"It is not enough," it said. "I must know more."

"The girl I want to communicate with," said Gwendolyn steadily, "was found frozen in the ice of the river. She had been murdered."

It was a long half-minute before the childish voice spoke again. It was fainter still this time, and before it was half through the sentence it had died into a rasping whisper.

"There is no answer," it said. "The spirit does not know it is called."

It needed the grip of Gwendolyn's hand on my forearm to keep me in my chair. Because across the room, opposite where I sat, and almost behind the medium, there came a glow of bluish light. And in the midst of it, apparently itself the cause of it, appeared a face.

"But it has come," said Gwendolyn. "She is here. Look!"

Her voice was not loud, but it rang like a bell; not in terror, but in triumph and as she said the last word she let go my arm and pointed.

For a moment the medium sat without moving, almost as if frozen herself and unable to move. But no one can resist the command of a finger pointing behind one, and slowly, unwillingly, but irresistibly, she turned.

What she saw there at the far end of the room, shining in the bluish light it seemed itself to be the cause of, was the pale, ethereal face and the shining golden hair, silvered by the blue light, of the mysterious, unknown girl the police had found frozen in the ice just a month ago.

The woman looked at it dully for a moment. Then she clutched suddenly at her neck with both hands. The next moment she screamed piercingly and fainted.

There was a rush and the sound of a scuffle by the door. Jeffrey turned on the lights, and we saw a strange man struggling out of Richard's grip; not toward the door, but toward the woman who lay unconscious on the floor.

"Let go of me, damn you!" he said. "I'm not trying to get away. Let me go to her."

He knelt beside her for a moment, without paying any further attention to us; but presently, when he found her regaining consciousness, he looked up and frowned at us across her body.

"What have you been doing to her?" he demanded. "You might have killed her. If you had, none of you'd have got away from me. What did you do to her?"

The woman drew in a long, gasping breath. "It was the face," she said faintly. "It was Irene's face. I saw her looking at me."

"Where did you see it?" he asked unevenly.

"There," she said, and she pointed toward the big mirror that stood between the bookcases.

We all followed the man's eyes as he turned about; but what he saw, and all any of the rest of us saw, was our own pale, astonished faces reflected there.

He turned back to her. "Can't you forget that?" he asked. "Can't you ever forget it? What was Irene Fournier to you?"

Jeffrey walked over to Richards and held out his hand.

"Congratulations, Richards," he said. "It looks as if you were right about it, after all."

CHAPTER X.

THE FIRST CONFESSION.

If the circumstances had not been so grim I should have laughed aloud. Richards was the most utterly bewildered man I ever saw, and the gasp with which he received Jeffrey's congratulations was funny enough to draw a smile from anybody. But the hysterical woman on the floor and her husband's anger over what we had done to her, the perfectly genuine devotion that existed between the two sobered us a little.

"We cannot ask her any questions now," said Gwendolyn decidedly. "Let's go into the billiard-room and give her time to get herself together."

The idea was so exactly contrary to police tradition that Richards started to protest.

"Now is just the time!" he said. "We can get anything out of her now."

Jeffrey grinned. "All right," he said; "go ahead and question her yourself.

But Richards didn't know what to ask her. He hadn't caught on.

"Do as you like, of course," he said. "Show the police how much more you know than anybody else. Go out and leave them alone to make a getaway through that window there."

"Haven't you got an officer here," asked Gwendolyn, "that you can put on guard for a little while so that she can get quiet before we question her?"

"Yes," said Richards, "we can leave her and her husband together to frame up a perfectly good explanation."

"That's the idea," said Jeffrey. "That'll do first rate."

Richards gave it up. "All right," he said. "Come along."

He called in a policeman, instructed him simply to watch the pair and see that they didn't get away, and the rest of us adjourned to the billiard-room as Gwendolyn had suggested.

"I want to know," said Richards when the door was closed behind us, "what it was all about? What made the woman scream? I caught the man as he made a rush from the cabinet, but I didn't see what happened at all. And who was the Irene Fournier they were talking about?"

"That," said Jeffrey, "appears to be the name of the girl who was found frozen in the ice. It looks as if you had the right hunch. It's perfectly evident that they know about her."

"And what did you do?" asked Richards. "What made the medium scream like that?"

"We had a materialization," said I. "Who produced it, I don't know. But we saw the face of the girl who was frozen in the ice—the face we saw in the portrait up at Jeffrey's studio the other day. The rest of us saw it before the medium did. When she turned around and looked, she made a queer noise in her throat, and screamed and fainted. You know the rest. But how the trick was worked, if it was a trick, I am as much in the dark as you."

To be continued.

In the Forefront

CAPTAIN BEST OF THE MILITARY Y. M. C. A.; DR. CAROLINE BROWN THE SCHOOL BOARD LADY; FATHER LACOMBE, OF THE BEAUTIFUL SOUL; PREMIER HEARST, THE MAN FROM THE NORTH

Capt. Best of the "Y."

Ex-Lumberman, Athlete, Soldier, Evangelist — all round A 1 Man.

By Irene B. Wrenshall

THERE is a part of military life that one sometimes forgets in the excitement of military bands, uniforms, and dress parades. The part which has a telling effect on the actions of the men themselves, the influence of which keeps them from becoming—amid all the horrors of war—mere madmen, brutes or bucaneers. It's the influence of Christian manhood, which does not weaken the physical fibre but strengthens it, at the same time appealing strongly to the higher powers of mind and heart. Such is the influence supplied in a military camp, and afterwards on the field of battle, by the Y M. C. A. Necessarily the man or men in charge of the association must needs be thoroughly adapted to their work, when upon them so many duties fall. A personality that stands out in this regard, a man who has proved himself not only a good military organizer, but an extraordinarily capable Y. M. C. A. secretary among the men, is Capt. Best, who "won his spurs" it might be said, during the last years of the Boer War, not only distinguishing himself as a Christian worker but also as a brave soldier, and bringing home with him the Queen's medal with five clasps.

Eager to be off again, he was enthusiastically busy at camp at Valcartier, where with seventy-eight men under him in the Y. M. C. A. canteen, he left an important impression upon the 32,000 men who sailed last autumn for Salisbury Plains.

"I should have gone with those men, but the committee would not hear of it, although I am gazetted in England as being with them," he said.

An all round athlete, a leader of men and an organizer, Captain Best could safely boast that he had been liberally educated for his work and it is among the boys that he is at his happiest, for the boys have been his constant companions all his life

To those who think that the dash and bravery, pluck and perseverance of a man can generally be traced to his Celtic origin, it is no surprise to find that Captain Best is of Irish descent and Canadian birth and upbringing Though scarcely in his fiftieth year, he has managed to crowd into his life so far, as much as two men usually attempt.

Captain Best's education has always been closely connected with men rather than books. His practical preparation which has aided him as no university training could ever do, has been gathered through his travels, and his association with people of broad minds and souls

His boyhood days were spent on a farm near Chatham, Ontario. As a lad he made up his mind to follow the crowd who were going to the Arkansas lumber woods. The excellent experience gained there proved a most valuable training for his future work, as he got into close touch with men, and has never since lost his ability to handle them.

The Y. M. C. A. work and military life attracted him almost simultaneously His first introduction to the latter came as a private in the Royal 13th Regiment of Hamilton, where in four years he rose to the rank of color sergeant, and was for three years also quarter master and captain of the Army Medical Corps. His call to Y. M. C. A.. work came in 1892, after he had been in business with a well known firm in Hamilton for several years. He was then sent to Brantford, being Y. M. C. A. secretary there for ten years with one year's leave of absence for service among the soldiers in the second contingent

CAPTAIN BEST
He owns the Queen's Medal with five clasps, and the love of 32,000 men.

during the South African War. On his return he received another call, this time to Hamilton, where he was busily engaged in active work in the Y. M. C. A. until last summer, when he resigned to take up general evangelistic work at the request of the Canadian National Council of Y. M. C. A.'s.

When the blow which staggered the world fell, he was at once selected to lead in the Y. M. C. A. work among the soldiers at Valcartier. If all had gone as was at first planned he would have then left with the first contingent, but the Council thought otherwise. They wanted his personality and his experience for mobilization camp work with the second contingent.

His athletic career has been as marked as the rest of his work. At a very early age he became actively interested in athletics, specializing on the half, quarter and mile races. He travelled extensively in the interests of his favorite sport for several years, carrying off first honors in the keenest competitions in Canada and the United States. In all round athletics and pentathlan competitions his scores were among the record highest in North America. It is not too much to say that in the athletic world he is known all over the country, having taken the Canadian championships of one mile and a quarter mile professional besides winning numberless prizes in the United States. His all round athletics in which he holds one of the highest records made by any Canadian included sprinting, distance, and high jumping, hammer throwing, shot putting, and various smaller competitions.

His career in South Africa began in a decidedly romantic fashion. Attached to the second contingent as the Y. M. C. A. secretary, the voyage proved particularly hard upon him, as he was not a good sailor, and as at the time he was not in the best of health, and he landed at Capetown, with the contingent looking and feeling, —especially the former—not exactly "in form." The Colonel in command shook his head over him and consulted with the chaplain, and both agreed that Capt. Best had better be left behind in Capetown, as he would be among the first to lay his bones on South African soil. So there he was left and much to his chagrin, away from his boys. But they reckoned without the athletic career which was behind him. Very rapidly his constitution built up again, and, "more fit" if possible, than ever before, in a few days the undaunted secretary determined to push on and overtake his comrades.

By choosing a shorter way than that taken by the brigade, he reached

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DR. CAROLINE BROWN
Who loves politics and clean schools

The School Board Lady

Dr. Caroline S. Brown, of Toronto, who can kiss babies and coerce voters.

By Betty D. Thornley

IF the two requirements of a successful candidate are a clever hand-shake and an ability to kiss babies, it's no wonder that Dr. Caroline S. Brown is on the Toronto Board of Education. She has a hand-shake warranted to send your wedding ring clear through to your little finger and as to kissing babies, when you consider that she graduated from Rotunda Hospital, Dublin, where they enter some four hundred emigrants from heaven every month, she would have no excuse for not being in good practice.

"What made you think of going into politics?" I asked the grey-eyed, fluffy-haired doctor, as soon as my hand had recovered from her welcome.

"Now what a question! You wouldn't ask a man such a silly thing. All men are interested in politics—if by that you mean good city government. And in my opinion, the same thing ought to be true of all women.

"Politics? That's a word that I try to explain away when I talk to women voters.

"'Is a clean school, *politics?*' I ask them; 'Is lunch at noon for hungry kiddies, *politics?* Is it politics to see that medical inspection is organized and systematized to the best advantage? If these things are politics, then of course I'm a politician. And so're you!'"

That this argument gets 'em has been proved by results.

"Dr. Brown," said a cautious over-the-phone voice one night around Christmas time, "don't ask my name, but I'm a public stenographer and I just want to tell you that your opponent is having five thousand letters typed and sent to electors in your Ward. What're you going to do about it?"

"Nothing," said the candidate placidly, "thanks for the tip, but I don't need it."

After which the unaffrighted [illegible] proceeded to win hand [illegible] New Year's Day, by a majority of two hundred and sixteen, and that despite the fact that there was another Tory aspirant in her field, beside the Grit candidate.

"Platform? I don't know that I had any," said Dr. Brown, "but I told people that being a woman I was better fitted to represent Toronto's 50,000 mothers than a mere man would be. Also, I had had experiecne as a teacher and if elected would be the first pedagogue to ever reach the Board in our city. In addition to that, I could combine my first two qualifications and say that I was a woman teacher and could thus present the viewpoint of seven tenths of those on the staff. Last of all, I was a doctor and had had to do with school inspection."

On election day Dr. Brown made a personal call at each of the polling booths.

"Are you going to vote for me?" she'd say, giving each man and woman a cabinet size, autographed, close-to-the-camera smile and one of the special-edition handshakes above referred to.

"And do you know, I could always tell as to whether he meant yes when he said it. See, I'll show you."

According to the woman trustee, if a promiser just takes your hand, any-old-way, dead-fish-style, he's a quitter by nature, and not only can you not depend on him, but he can't even depend on his wobble-souled self.

If he treats you to just the ordinary, conventional, catch-and-let-go, he is reserving his judgment.

But if he grips you firmly, giving your fingers a little extra-measure pressure, he's yours.

Away back in the Dark Ages, when a woman's place was the home and the hand that rocked the cradle wasn't supposed to do anything else except mix cake batter and sew for the heathen, the gallant gentlemen of Kentucky, for some strange reason—maybe a mint julep—decided to give to the charming widows of their state, the School Suffrage. That was in 1838, when Victoria the Good, even though a Queen, was afraid to call her throne her own.

In Canada, there is no such thing as Dominion franchise, since the Dominion merely uses the lists compiled by each separate province, said provinces legislating as they feel moved. Up to date, no legislature in Canada has seen fit to grant provincial franchise to other than, "male persons—twenty-one years of age and British subjects by birth or naturalization."

But in 1850 Ontario gave school suffrage to women single and married who were ratepayers, and in 1884 the same province granted full municipal suffrage to spinsters and widows, subject to certain assessment qualifications. Later on, the other provinces followed suit and at once the various suffrage organizations started out on the job of making the voters vote. Which job was a man-size article, with nails in it. Who wants to stop basting the New Year's turkey to go out and plunk for school trustee? At present, women have school franchise and eligibility throughout Canada except in Quebec where they are excluded from the School Board and where only widows and spinsters possess the vote. In New Brunswick, the most enlightened province as per standpoint of the "Canadian Women's Annual," one of the members of the Board of Education must be a lady.

Married women have the municipal franchise on the same terms as men, in Manitoba, Alberta and British Columbia where the provinces followed the example of their capitals which had previously removed the "No Admittance" sign from the polling booths.

But this growth hasn't been nearly fast enough to suit the suffragists who refuse to be placated with anything less than the full coast-to-coast, plumb-to-Parliament franchise. And the pilgrimage to Queen's Park and every other centre of Government of, by and for half the people, has become as much a part of miladi's calendar as the day on which she ascertains whether her Easter bonnet is to be à la peach basket or oh-pill box.

Invariably however, she meets with the same response, based on stern figures, subtly applied.

"You women don't want the franchise! You don't use what you've got," said the late Sir James Whitney, stamping his foot.

"When the ladies really ask for it, all of them and altogether, they'll get it," smiled Sir Robert and Sir Wilfrid, duetting like the Gold Dust Twins.

"That's what we're up against nowadays" says Dr. Brown, "When only two per cent of the women electors turn out to use the ballot they have, we can't persuade the men that the other ninety-eight per cent., to say nothing of the wholly unenfranchised rest of them, are perishing for the privilege of doing an X on everything in sight."

The Doctor thinks the country women are going about to solve the problem in the right way, though it's as slow a process as growing oaks. The Ontario Government founded the Women's Institute eleven years ago. There are now eight hundred and fifty branches, with a membership of thirty thousand, scattered all over the Province. Each branch gets the benefit of the lecture tour that the Government arranges, and what the members don't know, they're so keen to find out that they hold the visiting informer by the skirts, until she's told them

"I talked from two to six one afternoon to a little group of women up on Manitoulin Island," said the doctor. "Every half hour or so, I'd stop and say, 'But I'm sure you must be tired.' 'Not a bit of it,' they'd answer altogether, 'and if your voice isn't worn out, would you mind going on a little longer?'"

One woman left at five, apologizing profusely because she had a long train journey ahead of her after she left the boat, and couldn't wait another minute. And all this time, mind you, the lecturer was giving her audience nothing more exciting than facts about baby culture!

"City women ought to meet together to study public questions," was Dr.

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The Man With the Beautiful Soul

Father Lacombe, a Napoleon of Peace to the old Last West.

By Christian Richardson

"Send me men for the combat
Men who are grit to the core,
Send me the best of your breeding,
Lend me your chosen ones;
Them will I take to my bosom,
Them will I call my sons,
And I will not be led by weaklings
Subtle, suave and mild,
But by men with the heart of Vikings
And the simple faith of a child."

AND they sent a little French Canadian priest, hardly out of his 'teens, and the pet of the Bishop's Palace in Montreal.

That was sixty years ago, when over the prairies, which now give us a hundred and twenty-five million bushels of wheat in the year, the Indians and buffalo roamed. A graphic picture is

AN OLD MAN AND HIS DREAM

The gentle Father [illegible]

left by his cheery young brother Gaspard who visited him a few years later.

"Ma dear! The first day he gave away ma red flannel shirt—the only one ah had in ma sack, because he had nothing himself but what he wore. Heu! The vermin and cold were so bad ah only stayed three days in camp. Some half-breeds passed, bound for St. Albert, and I joined them—ah-d have left sooner if ah could."

But that little priest stood on the prairie between blood-thirsty Blackfeet and murderous Crees, a very Napoleon of peace. When the two tribes were on the warpath he was the only man, white or red, who dared pass from one camp to the other. His voice, heard through the blackness of the night outside the stockade, sent the skulking braves of both back to their wigwams and saved Fort Edmonton from massacre. And when he would not live in the fort, but pushed on west to the mission head-quarters at Ste. Anne, Governor Howard built him a house in the fort. The Crees and Blackfeet would respect the place that held the house of "Blackrobe" even when he was far away.

And Blackrobe dared not only the Indians, but John Rowand himself, builder of "Rowand's Folly," the biggest dwelling west of Norway House; a man hard and unsympathetic, whose creed was "a man not dead with three days' illness, is not ill at all."

"You are not suffering, Rowand," said the boy priest a few days after this pronouncement, when the great man came to have a felon dressed; "three days have passed and you are not dead; it's all imagination."

"His face took on an awful look," said Pere Lacombe, telling the story fifty years afterwards, "If I had not been his friend and a priest he would have struck me! Hah! He was like gunpowder, that little man!"

History was made fast in the Canadian west. Edmonton to-day is the seat of the Provincial University. When Pere Lacombe went there first, the Indians cut one another in pieces on occasion and hung hands and feet in the trees where now stand the business blocks of Strathcona. Winnipeg was Fort Garry; Pembina was the headquarters of the wandering Salteaux; St. Paul was a huddle of huts whose "Cathedral" and "Bishop's Palace" in one, was a log shanty eighteen feet long; and the Bishop's bed a coffin too short for the body for which it had been made by His Grace's own hands. In Father Lacombe's first buffalo hunt, in 1850, they slaughtered eight hundred of the great stupid brutes in one battle, and, taking hides and one or two choice cuts, left the rest of the carcasses to the scavenger prairie wolves.

But whether hunter, farmer or ambassador, Father Lacombe was ever and always the priest. Butler, Hector, Rae, Southesk, Dallas, all so long gone over the Great Divide, and yet his contemporaries, all bore testimony to the marvels wrought by the Oblat father and his confreres at Ste. Anne among the Crees and at St. Albert among the Blackfeet.

"See!" said Governor Dallas of the Hudson's Bay Company, "how with all our resources and men our pits are falling to ruin, while these priests, with nothing but a little book under their arm, are performing wonders!"

Father Lacombe's dam on the Sturgeon river was the first dam built by any one but beavers west of Ontario, and his mill was the first mill. "The houses rose by enchantment," he exclaimed in telling the story. His crops preshadowed the Government experimental farms of to-day. The mission quarters were an oasis in the desert. They had vegetables and fruit galore, and "meals served as in the house of a gentleman" Lord Southesk testified.

In the matter of transport, Father Lacombe, with his train of Red River carts, was ahead of the Hudson's Bay Company by five years. His bridge across the Sturgeon river was the first bridge in the Territories and against the will of the Company too, which was anxious not for roads and farms, but furs

"But look you!" said the father, "I am tired of wading through water and mud. To-morrow you come—everybody—and cut timber and build us a bridge, and any man who comes not, he shall not cross the bridge. I will set a man to watch!" The father fed them, of course, and in three days the bridge was built. Built on tea too, and yet there are people to-day trying to tell you that prohibition does not prohibit and that you cannot make people sober by act of parliament. Why not, when they are made drunk by the thousands every day in the same fashion? Only one man did not welcome the bridge—Governor Dallas. The day he appeared on the scene he ordered it down. The chief factor, Mr. Christie, listened respectfully, entertained his chief royally and sent him on his way. But the bridge stayed.

St. Albert and Ste. Anne's were but starting points for Father Lacombe's work. His parish ranged from the international border to the Peace River and from the Red River to the Rockies. The whole prairie was his hunting ground for souls. In fire, flood, storm, disease, the Oblat Father was priest and physician both. To the Blackfeet he was "The Man of the Good Heart," to the Crees, "The Man of the Beautiful Soul."

To the whites his value was untold. Railway magnates readily consulted [illegible] largely the cause of the organizing of the Royal North West Mounted Police, and of the laws forbidding the sale of liquor to the Indians. Had he been left on the plains instead of called east—before 1885, there would [illegible] been no North-west Rebellion, for by that time the Indians would [illegible] learned of him instead of being [illegible] the influence of [illegible] and Red [illegible] His Ladye [illegible] Blackfeet was used [illegible] missions. Lord and Lady [illegible] Sir William Van Horne, Lord [illegible] cona were all personal friends. Again and again has he been in Europe the guest of the great—but "the nobleman's palace is not so precious [illegible] poetique hut in the wilderness where I wrote in my [illegible] and Blackfeet. He was always one some till "ordered back to [illegible]" When the Manitoba School [illegible] became acute he hastened to [illegible] with his counsels. In the days of the Klondike rush when the Government found it necessary [illegible] with Crees, Cris, [illegible] of Lesser Slave Lake, Government and Commissioners insisted on Father Lacombe taking the long journey with the latter. He pleaded age. He was [illegible] wear and worn [illegible] tage." But in the old, loved open air life he grew strong and young again. Again and again has he retired to his hermitage at Midnapore, [illegible] and each time has he been called forth for more work.

"When it is given to you to kindle the love and reverence of every soul you meet, is it right that you should bury yourself in a hermitage?" Sir William Van Horne would protest, and send him a railway pass "a chain against conductors," a valuable painting for his church or a substantial contribution for his Home for the Poor. "You worry because you are not used to debt as I am" Sir William Van Horne wrote once with a cheque; "It is your creditors who should worry. I am used to debt. I am never out of it."

"I love that man!" Father Lacombe was wont to exclaim in his impulsive fashion. "He is beautiful in the little things of life."

So is Father Lacombe. He could travel fourteen days across the prairie in biting winter weather on "bouillon of skins, old sacks, cords and pieces of moccasins" and share his last spoonful with starving Indians; and once back in Montreal be the soul of the distinguished company gathered at dinner in his honor in the home of Sir William Van Horne, an evening with

whom he called "a vertiable triumph of refinement and amiability."

One of Father Lacombe's stories gives a vivid picture of Indian life and character,—the story of a Sarcee woman prisoner of war. Clad in white deerskin tunic, her long black hair falling about her, she fell at the priest's feet and begged his protection.

"I heard their talk. When they finish—'Bon' I say, 'Who owns this woman ?'

" 'I do' said a young warrior, a strong proud looking man.

" 'Well, I want you to sell her to me.'

"They all laughed. 'I thought,' that young man said, 'you Men of Prayer did not want women.'

"I was cross then, for if you let an Indian be rude or too familiar with you, he keeps on and you lose all control of him.

" 'Ha, you are a brave man !' I said. 'You make a weak woman a prisoner. Now you come and say a thing so stupid to me. You know well why I want to buy this woman.'

" 'I know', the man said then ashamed at my voice. 'But I do not want to sell her. I want her.'

"He looked at her when he said that; she was a fine young woman, you know. 'I want a wife' he said, 'and I have nothing to buy one.'

"Well, if you will sell this one now, I will give you a horse, and I will give you goods from the Fort—a new coat and shirt,—and leggings for yourself, and some tea and tobacco.' "

"I speak all this slowly, and I add to it because he did not look willing at first; but when I had finished he said quickly

" 'Ha ! You may take her. You offer much for her.'

"He was so quick at the last I think may be he was afraid I would change my mind about paying so much.

"Then I say to the young woman: 'You are my property now, you see,' and I put my hand on her head and speak severely: 'You must do what I tell you and go only where I tell you.' I was afraid she might take up with another young Cree warrior by and by and the two run away from the camp And I had my mind made up already to take that girl back to her people Oh, I was planning a great coup

"All winter she was sheltered in the little log convent of the Sisters at St Albert. They christened her 'Marguerite,' and they were wont to say, 'we love her, and she seems happy with us

"Yes," said Father Lacombe, "that is all fine ! But how long will it last She will get tired of life here And anyway I must take her home She is gold—gold to me."

"Her people of the Blackfoot nation

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The Man from the North

Premier Hearst, who has resin in his blood and the depths of pine forests in his eyes.

By Gregory Clarke

WHEN Sir James Whitney passed outward it was found that so well and so singly had he ruled, there was no one prepared to step into the vacant place. The choice lay at first between Hon. W. J. Hanna, who was popular with the House, and Sir Adam Beck, who had a strong following in the party outside the House ; then went to Hon. William Howard Hearst, a six year member, and a three year cabinet minister, who was accorded the prime ministry of Ontario.

In this brief series of events, there arrived the Man from the North. Because of these events, his political opponents call him a stop-gap. Many of the older men of his own party are even a little dazed at the suddenness of his arrival. They explain it away variously. But Premier Hearst is of the type of man whom success calleth her own. His arrival is by no means chance. Its rapidity is due in no way to luck. Much as it may surprise even those politicians and legislators who regard themselves as inside powers, and who speak of the political subtleties by which a man is raised or lowered the fact remains that Hon. Mr. Hearst is to-day the Premier of Ontario as the result of his life-long determination to be so

Determination is the key-note of Premier Hearst's character. When a boy seventeen years old, attending Collingwood Collegiate, he told his fellow-students that he was planning to be Premier of Canada. These fellow students laughed aside, no doubt, as boys will at any youthful expression, and particularly as young Hearst was known as the star pupil of the school, and the object therefore of jealousy. But, as Mr. Seymore Corley, the Crown Attorney, of Toronto, who told me this anecdote, said—"Hearst's fellow students remembered his determined vow when in 1908 he was elected to the Legislature. We remembered it still more when he was made a minister in 1911. And when in 1914, he was made Premier, we felt it was merely a matter of course!"

Life long determination in one direction breeds a splendid efficiency, and when Premier Hearst makes his characteristically rapid and final decisions on questions of policy or of government, it must be remembered that he has reached his decision on that point perhaps years ago. Like a chess player who has figured out all possible moves, Premier Hearst, in his years of preparation for the position, has figured out all his moves, and has, by this time, acquired an evenly-balanced, pigeon-holed and labelled mind. As a youth, he studied the things he needs today. As a lawyer, he trained his mind to realize that there are two sides to every question, and to weigh both

HON. WILLIAM HOWARD HEARST
Who is to-day Premier of Ontario as a result of his life-long determination to be so

sides. That, I suppose, is why lawyers make the ablest political men. He is the type of man who strides evenly along the road, who turns not to rest in shady groves, to pass the time of day with others who rest; who sits not by some wayside pool, intent on his own reflection. He fancies there are shadier groves, and clearer pools yonder beside the Goal

Premier Hearst was born, of Irish parentage, on a farm in the township of Arran, in Bruce County, February 15, 1864. He attended the local school, Collingwood Collegiate, and the University of Toronto. At the age of twenty-four, he was called to the bar, and left Toronto for Sault Ste. Marie, where he has lived ever since. In 1908, he was elected to the Legislature. In 1911, was appointed Minister of Lands, Forests and Mines. And in 1914, Premier of the Province.

His response to opportunity, his loyalty to the spiritual in him, made him a willing student in the somewhat drudging schools of a few years ago, and kept ablaze in him the Celtic love of the forests, of the North, of the mysterious far gods. It would have been easier for him to have staid in Toronto in 1888, when called to the bar. To a young man the city is usually most attractive. But in answer to the call within him, and perhaps with also a little of the far-sighted determination that had already taken possession of him, he went to the extreme edge of the Province he was destined to govern, to Sault Ste. Marie, then a crude, ragged town, with little to offer a young man of dreams.

He started a successful law practice, and did various kinds of legal work for the Government. He set out to win the confidence of the district, and he made no secret of his designs on a seat in the Legislature. In 1894, his determination, for the once, got away from him, and he ran in the Conservative interests in Algoma. He was defeated. In 1908, he was returned with ease.

He not only loved the North, because of the soul of him, but he studied it, examined its possibilities, learned them all by heart; and by the time he landed in Toronto as a member of the Legislature, nothing but the North and what it offered, could he talk about. And he has remained true to his interests. Six years, six sessions of the House, gives a man plenty of opportunity to alter his first callow views, to change his interests. But Premier Hearst still talks about the North. When he speaks in the House, he may start out upon some popular subject, but the inevitable end is the North, like Cato and Carthage, only Premier Hearst shouts "construct," where Cato shouted "destroy." He is the Man from the North. There is resin in his blood. His somewhat cold, appraising eyes, reflect the depths of pine forests. His words—waving swaying, words, with all the subtleness of the Celt in them, with the heart pushing them out before they are sorted, give the touch of the North.

He is an intense Canadian. He cannot affect a pose or a false dignity. He is as robust and as plain as the land he loves. Perhaps that very simplicity may account for the fact that he has never loomed as large in the public eye as others of his colleagues. But at a time like the present, with many years of labor facing us in our duty of materially assisting in the recuperation of the world, it is a man of proved determination, of broad and national aspirations, yet possessed of certain qualities of sentiment to enable him to reach above party considerations, who should be, and is now prime minister of Ontario.

After The Deluge—What?

By B. D. Thornley

IN common with the rest of the world, Canada is now writing the blood-and-thunder chapter of her autobiography. In the doom-black headings of her newspapers, in the grim casualty lists abroad and the grimmer heart-breaks lists at home, the Dominion traces line by line, the growth and progress of her share in the tragedy.

But while Austria is old, and Turkey is still older, feeble totterer gazing upon modernity for the last time from between the dim pages of her mediaeval achievements; while Germany is upheld by the temporary intoxication of her demon-brew of lawlessness, lies, and leashless ambition, Canada is writing with the steady hand of a young nation, a sane nation, a nation fully conscious that when the last Krupp has bubbled down after the last German sub. she will open a fresh page, take a fresh pen and, smiling into green summer once again, will begin a new chapter saying, "And it came to pass, that after the war was over, Canada went fishing."

And as she watches the bass of Prosperity nibbling at the hook of endeavor, Canada will doubtless come to the conclusion that she has learned a good deal in the blood-time, learned spiritually, learned too, in plain dollars and cents. And one of the most obvious lessons will be drawn from the pre-1914-preparedness of Germany, due to such efficiency management as the world has never before witnessed. To be sure, the insane ambition of a Kaiser-ridden militocracy upset the calculations of the business scientist, and the professorial wonder maker, but Canada will know where to put in her full stop. She will copy Germany in the laboratory and leave her alone in the legislature. She

will conserve the sanity of her people as well as the sanctity of her forests. She will see to it that the grey knitting of her patient mothers goes to clothe, neither the destroyers nor the defenders, but the *builders* of civilization, the lumbermen, the miners, the engineers, the far farmers on lonely ranches, the success of whose labors will have been made possible by the adoption of German science minus German Kultur.

In the scientific Decalogue of the Fatherland, there are two commandments worthy of imitation. The first says, "Thou shalt not waste," while the second thunders, "Thou shalt not jump to conclusions."

Germany's bank account is made, penny by penny, from what the other nations throw away. Germany is the land of the utilization of the by-product.

And to do this, German investigators toil all day, and toss all night, to avoid the obvious conclusion that a cigarette butt is no good, a match end has done its last service, a chemical combination has got to assume the dollar-cost manner of our forefathers rather than the dime-cost fashion that Herr Professor's employers would like to see obtained.

Of all nations a-top the globe, Canada would most seriously shock the economical-minded Teuton. Canada has the richest fields, the vastest forests, the most wonder-variously stocked mines and mountains that Herr Grimm himself could fairytale about. And up to date Canada has acted as though the whole business were a three-reel joke—plant, pull, play—to be repeated *ad infinitum* or until T. A. Edison invents something better. Exhaust your fields, chop down your forests for kindling wood; neglect your resources until strangers exploit both for us and then, if you need anything you could dig in your own backyard for, send to Germany for it.

Lately the papers have blossomed into black-and-blue headlines about nickel. It seems that the Sudbury district of Ontario furnishes over 80 per-cent. of the world's supply. Whether the protesting editors are or not in the pay of the one Nickel Company as against the other Nickel Company whether four-fifths of the output actually has gone into making Bluchers and Dresdens to prey on the Empire's shipping, whether the Canadian Government really holds greed in one eye and graft in the other, is not ours at present to determine. The fact remains, that when a Canadian stove manufacturer wants a polished edge for his Ranch Roarer, he has to wait till the nickel has gone to New Jersey, or to Wales as matte, after which he is at liberty to import the refined article if he has the price. The American and the English workmen get the benefit of the wage, while one Nickel Company alone cleaned up $4,000,000 of profits last year, out of which the Ontario Government received just about street car fare.

The total value of mineral production in Canada in 1913 was $145,634,812. A very great variety of mineral products, chiefly in a manufactured or semi-manufactured condition, were at the same time imported into Canada. And these imports have been increasing with much greater rapidity than has Canada's domestic production. The 1913 total came to $252,806,046.

In the last report of the Mineral Productions of Canada, New Brunswick occupied the second lowest chair in the kindergarten. Yet New Brunswick has large deposits of antimony without which there could be no *Canada Monthly*, let alone a *London Times* or a *Montreal Star*. Antimony has the peculiar property of swelling as it cools. It also hardens lead. Type metal is therefore alloyed with antimony, and every crevice of a tiny mould may be filled with a metal hard enough to support the jarring phrases of the slangiest reporter. Shots and bullets are also hardened with antimony, and babbit metal, Britannia metal and bells, to say nothing of the enamel, the glass and the paint industries, all call for antimony.

Before the war, 60 per cent. of the world's supply was "Made In Germany." A thirteen-mile haul to the nearest shipping point has been sufficient to keep New Brunswick out of the game.

Dad wonders sometimes why son's boots don't last as long as the cowhides grandfather used to line him up in front of.

The answer, though you'd never think it, is called Epsom Salts. The druggist is a small consumer of this commodity, most of it going to the shoe manufacturer who treats a skin with it until it swells, is split and becomes twins. Thus two pairs of boots grow where one grew before.

But the source of Epsom Salts is either kaiserite which hails from Germany or magnesite which comes from Turkey. Neither of course is now obtainable. But we are informed that a new process is being devised, after having applied Herr Prof's commandment against jumping to conclusions, by which another mineral entirely is to do the trick. And this unnamed mineral is said to exist in great quantities in Western Ontario. Whether the province will profit remains to be seen.

The manganese compounds, used in medicine and as disinfectants were nearly all imported from Germany. Yet pyrolusite, which contains them, exists as a road-border for miles upon miles in Nova Scotia. And nary a Blue Nose a cent the richer.

When Quong Lung paints his laundry like a giddy orange, when Mamselle Canadienne goes in for spring-sunshine as her Easter color, they have been patronizing the Fatherland as to the chromium compound necessary to infuse the yellow into the shade of their choice. Yet Gaspé Peninsula, that hook-beaked promontory challenging the Atlantic, is full of chrome iron ore waiting for somebody to develop it.

The world's supply of potash comes from Germany. When the doctor orders bromide he means bromide of potash and miladi has it, ignorant of the fact that Herr Professor's this-side-the-ocean imitators have recently discovered that sodium may always

be substituted for potash. And as you know, common salt, the basis of sodium is obtainable in Canada as well as elsewhere.

Perhaps you've ridden in a Canadian Pacific Railway sleeping car through the desolate stretch of country north of Lake Superior, wondering the while for what unnamed purpose the Engineer of the Universe permitted such ragged-rock construction.

The answer—at least part of it—is spelled *pyrites*.

This "fool's gold" contains from 30 to 50 per cent. of sulphur, and sulphur means sulphuric acid, which in turn spells a need of almost every manufactory that turns a wheel. Indeed it has been stated that the civilization of a country may be gauged by the amount of sulphuric acid that it consumes

From ten to fifteen millions pounds a year are used in Canada alone, in the refining of petroleum, the manipulation of iron, the tanning of leather and other processes too numerous to mention. Nitro-glycerine with which the railroads blast their way across the continent, needs sulphuric acid, and dynamite, that war-horror, is made by the absorption of nitro-glycerine into porous earth. Yet Canada has scarcely scratched the top of her pyrites deposits in Renfrew, and the Superior field hasn't been touched.

Change the first letter of our last-paragraph subject and you get *byrites*, mined in Germany only, and used as a substitute for white lead, keeping its color better against the weather. Cobalt district contains large deposits of this German-cornered article. Cobalt also boasts of Cobalt oxide, harder than nickel and substitutable for it for plating purposes. Its use only requires experiment, which alas, is not being made.

The truth of it is that neither in England nor in the United States, let alone in our own Dominion is there any organization devoted to devising means for making use of the natural resources of which we have mentioned only a few, chosen at random.

If a Canadian patented a process for plating with Cobalt oxide, he could apply in vain at all our banks for money with which to feed the child of his brain until it became self supporting.

"We don't know anything about it," the financier would say impatiently. "It's probably a gold brick."

In Germany on the other hand, the bank would call its chemist who would look into the process and if he were convinced of its feasibility, the money would be lent. All important German banks employ chemical and electrical experts who are also financiers.

But it isn't until we leave the mineral kingdom and ascend to the vegetable that we reach Canada's most conspicuous brain-failures.

When you dig out gold, you can't hide a ten dollar piece under a rock at the end of a worn out shaft and come back in fifteen years to find a new mine ready for you

But when you send your magnificent white pine crashing through its mates to the still floor of the winter forest, when you allow vast tracts of wilderness to be denuded by useless and preventable fires, it is the duty of some cell of your brain to suggest automatically that you reforest. Germany collects timber to the last tooth pick, and breeds trees as she breeds cattle, horses and men. Canada has a three thousand mile coast-to-coast forest, a door mat from Cobalt clear to the Pole. No Canadian needs to be told that only Russia can even think of rivalling this prodigious wealth, and Russia's timber is a good many leagues behind Canada's. The trees are of splendid quality too, save the jack pine, that weed of the woods, that appears as second growth where no reforesting is done.

Time was when you could climb a tree, burn a tree or build with a tree and that was about all a tree was good for. Now-a-days the scientist will tell you that the little chap that, sawn into logs, would bring the back-woodsman about seventy-five cents, may be made into pulp, dissolved into syrup, and spun into silk at a value of some five thousand dollars.

Our newspapers are printed on trees —paper-pulped trees. When chemically treated, the pulp makes the finer grades of paper, for books and correspondence. We dry our hands on paper towels that used to be white spruce, dust our lips with paper napkins, ornament our houses with wood that grew as round branches, was dissolved chemically, poured into moulds, and after having been soaked in water was taken thence, harder than when it grew in the forest, shaped as the mind of no spruce tree could have conceived it, and with curved and curvetted edges such as no cutting tool could have achieved.

Soon, we are told, we'll build with paper lumber. And even now the adventurous who don't know their own adventures are riding serenely above paper car wheels. Bullet proof screens may even be made of wood dissolved in ammonia and bluestone. Cotton, surfaced with extract of spruce-tree-paper-pulped, becomes mildew proof. Ships so painted below the water line, are warranted not to collect barnacles.

England imports wood pulp at the rate of 30,000 tons per week, an equivalent of a ten-acre forest a day. Germany imports as largely, using not a stick of her own precious trees for the purpose.

And Canada has the world's market in her own little chatelaine bag if she wants it.

The vast water area of the Dominion, 125,755 square miles, (two and a half times that of the United States); the unrivalled reservoir facilities; the wonderful water-shed stretching from north of Lake Superior to the Ottawa River and thence across Quebec, securing for Eastern Canada a double supply of rivers draining off to Hudson Bay and the Great Lakes system respectively—all these contribute to providing Canadians with the statement, allowable to no other people on earth, that we have in the neighborhood of 17,000,000 horse power capable of being developed a little over one million of which is all that is now called on for commercial purposes

The rest blazes in flashes in foam through the sunlight a show-spot for the honeymoon tourist like Niagara or a secret and awful orchestra for the gods of the hidden wilderness like the Grand Falls of the Hamilton Inlet down into whose caldron so few white men have ever looked

Or else the seductive dollar-making power slides swiftly between the green banks of the St. Lawrence, the Ottawa and a hundred other rivers of music in name, in the less spectacular gradual fall that is nevertheless quite as powerful as the cataract, once the engineer has it harnassed to the chariot of progress

"Hydro-electric" is the magic word that will not only light our towns and turn the wheels of our factories or will, better still, hyphen up the Trade and the Trade, Pine and Prosperity, the Wilderness and Wall Street

What can be done in the way of development and subsequent marketting even by the latest comer to an inhospitable and ice-menaced land has been shown by the Ontario Government at its Niagara plant.

Last of all, in the development and conservation game that will use every ounce of brain power Canada possesses, there's the question of land.

Wheat, that pirate-crop that jolly rogers the nitrogen from our prairie farms, cannot be taught to be less overbearing in its demands. But the farmer can adopt various methods of restocking his earth, to avoid the soil exhaustion from which much of the American and old-Ontario land is now suffering.

The all-round farmer who plants corn, raises cattle and dresses his acres with the by-product, will escape the need of purchasing much outside fertilizer.

If in addition, he uses a catch crop of clover, that clever little plant that carries a special nitrogen gathering bacterium on its roots, he will fish the needed gas from the air, imprison it in the clover, dig the clover under, and presto, his holdings will be re-nitrogenized. Alfalfa not only gathers nitrogen in a similar manner but with its long roots, feels down into soil the wheat would never reach, and brings up the also needed potash. This is the chemical reason for the rotation-of crops doctrine practised by so many who don't know the why of it.

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When The Daisies Pied

By J. H. Reed

AFTER dreary days of driving rain it was cheering to see the fields decked with cowslips nodding their golden cups—all orange-dotted—to the welcome sun.

Speeding by farm and cottage, great masses of pink and red and white flung their beauty over the daisies lurking below. Sheep and cattle enjoyed the rare burst of sunshine as they wandered knee-deep in the golden meadows, and great was the surprise in the expressive eyes of a couple of colts, with long, lanky, mud-covered legs, who stood in a water-logged field gazing at the wonderful sun. The muddy gateways, the dirty footpaths, the sodden fields, and the brown overflowing streams all tell the story of never-ceasing rain. The land longs for dry, warm days.

Alas! the joy of the living countryside was soon blotted out, a dense black cloud shut out warmth and light, and gloom spread over the plain. Happily, the rain soon passed, and a bright burst of sunlight flooded the fair vale of Taunton Dene and lighted up the wooded crests of the lovely Quantock Hills. In the hollows of the meadows the Tone had spread its waters; rays of light fell on the pools, and they flashed like silver across the yellow buttercups of the meadows where the red Devons grazed. The combination of colour made a delightful picture.

And so to Powderham, a pleasant village rising from the banks of the Exe, where, on an eminence amid sweet surroundings, rounded hills well wooded and near where the Exe and the Kenn mingle their waters, rose the home of the ancient race of Courtenays, Earls of Devon. The approach to the Castle from Powderham village is by an avenue of magnificent cedars. The story of the Courtenays is linked with many a parish in the county of Devon, and for nearly six centuries with their fortress home on the banks of the Exe. Through an alliance with the royal family of France three occupants of the imperial throne of Constantinople were Courtenays. They have ever been a fighting race, and good fortune has not always fallen to their lot. For example, they espoused the cause of the Lancastrians, and Thomas, the sixth Earl, was executed at York by the Yorkists; Hugh, his brother, was beheaded at Sarum; while a third brother, John, fell at Tewkesbury

Come out o' door, 'tis Spring!
An' birds do twitter from the spray
O' bushes deck'd wi' snow-white may;
An' gil'cups, wi' the deaisy bed,
Be under every step you tread.

THE DRIVE AT POWDERHAM CASTLE

while fighting for Margaret of Anjou. The oldest portion of the present building dates from the time of Richard II., and four of the six towers still stand. The interior is very interesting, many of the rooms, with their thick walls, quaint recesses, and curious concealed passages vividly recalling olden times.

A short mile away is the old-world village of Kenton, on the banks of the River Kenn. Within two or three miles two other villages, Kenn and Kenford, take their names from the river. Kenton, Leyland says, has "a right goodly church." It is a fine example of the Perpendicular period, with a rich-looking tower, one hundred feet high, built of red sandstone. Its chief glory is the superb rood screen, panelled along its base with figures of saints and apostles, and above, the carving is delicate and very beautiful. In an old volume we read that a "pretty custom exists, if the issue of any of the tenants hold their tenements, the one after the other, three descents, they claim the inheritance of the tenement." I did not discover that this is true to-day

Exwell, a Powderham farm, where I spent a short but delightful holiday, has a beautiful situation. It stands on the edge of a slit in the hills. Adown the slope beyond the lawn is the garden, and we get the apple blossom, all in its pink beauty, nodding just above the green. Away on the right are well-wooded hills, and across the marshes is the Exe, sometimes with many shades of purple in the evening light, and again a lovely blue under the noonday sun. On the farther bank old Topsham lies—a port with a history, and proud of its share in the defeat of the mighty Armada, and of its wonderful trade in the centuries past. Amid woods lower down is Nutwell, the home of a branch of the great Drake family; and Littleham, with its fishing fleet of tiny boats, looking like so many black water spiders lying lazily in front of the little port.

Beyond the garden gate is the big orchard, the trees planted in avenues; there must be two dozen of them at least. These aisles are lovely pictures now; the interlacing branches are laden with bloom, and to wander therein, inhaling the fragrance and listening to the music of the birds, is a delight. The birds love the orchard—the cole-tit, blue tit, the long-tailed tit, and the gold-crested wren are all there; the white throat, too, and a flashing bit of brilliant colour told the presence of the beautiful goldfinch. The orchard is a favourite nesting-place, but it has been a sad time for the birds. On the top of a slope was an old wall, ivy clinging to it in generous masses. Here a blackbird had built its home. Alas! it reckoned not for storms in the merry month of May. The eggs lay in a sloppy mess; when we saw it the mother bird stood on the edge

looking dolefully within. She flew away with a mournful cry.

Beyond the tennis court a yew tree grew. That little woodland dwarf, the gold-crested wren, had found a branch on which to suspend its wondrous nest. The wee bird—Tidley Goldfinch is its Devon name, and it is the smallest of our feathered tribe—took three sprays of the branch, and bending them downwards, fastened three points of her nest to them. By skilful weaving with spiders' webs, caterpillar cocoons, and hair, beautifully fitted together, she made her lovely home. Within, it was lined with down and feathers; without, with dark-hued lichen to harmonize with the deep green foliage of the yew, to hide it from prying eyes. Five faint-brown eggs lay there, almost white. Unlike other wrens' nests, the entrance is at the top, and so again the rain had come and spoiled her little home.

In the bottom of the hedgerow was another nest. This time we have a brighter story to tell. Behind the hurdle, the safety-bars of her home, sat a mother pheasant on her eggs. She heeded not the interested spectators. She looked placid and lovely with her light brown plumage, speckled with splashes of a darker hue, and with a rich black ring around her neck. We left her to bring forth her little brood in peace.

One afternoon we visited a farm at Kenn delightfully situated in a beautiful valley. Thence we visited the Haldon Hill. When near the summit there was an enclosure. The upper ridge was crowned with dark Scotch firs; the sides and edge by the road were fringed with the delicate green foliage of beech trees; thousands of primroses studded the hillside, and their pale yellow flowers entirely covered the slope with beauty—a fair picture indeed.

When we reached the upland we remembered the legend of the parson and the clerk who, coming from Exeter, lost their way in the fog and the darkness of this bleak moor. The parson breathed a sinful wish—"That the fiend might be their guide." No sooner was the wish expressed than the clang of hoofs was heard and a peasant horseman appeared offering his services as their guide. Across the moor they sped, and soon came to Dawlish town. With true Devon courtesy, the peasant guide pressed hospitality upon them. They must sup at his house; his friends would give them a warm welcome. A merry evening was spent. The parson sang a jovial song—'twas not from the Liturgy.

It was late when they essayed to go. Their host and his friends laughed at them from the doorway as the wretched travellers tried to mount their steeds, clinging to their manes, as the horses, scared by the cries of their host—who was none other than the Devil himself—rushed seaward. When the morning [illegible] the bodies of the ill-fated [illegible] were stretched on the two rocks which [illegible] this day.

[illegible]

While their horses wandered harmless
On shining Dawlish sands.

Leaving the moor, the drive [illegible] through a wood, where the rhododendrons ere long will make [illegible] then by the Belvedere, a tower [illegible] the highest point of the hill. [illegible] fine views of Dartmoor and [illegible] and wooded landscape. My [illegible] told me a legend connected with this tower. Once upon a time the Devil passed this way, and for company the wind was with him. He bade the wind wait while he entered. The Devil came not back again. Naturally this is the reason that still keeping watch the wind is for ever howling and moaning around the tower to this day. When a cap of cloud hangs on the dark crest of the hill a storm is sure to follow. An old saying runs thus—

When Haldon [illegible]
Keeton [illegible]

Under the shadow of Haldon is Oxton House, in a park of great loveliness. There are undulating hills and sweet little glens. There is not a sweeter site for a home in all this fair county. Just beyond is Kenford, and then back to the farm. After a long, interesting evening, we ride home through sweet smelling lanes, under the stars.

Outcast

By A. K. Love

A MISTY day and leaden seas,
Sodden leaves and a sky of gray,
Rain swept hills and sobbing trees,—
The mournful note of the lone sea-mew,
And the peat smoke slowly rising.

The herd goes forth with crook in hand,
His cheerful song ne'er quenched by rain;
The lobster fishers, oil-skin clad,
Mend their creels for the catch again
Nor wail their past ill fortune.

Why see they not the gloomy sky?
Why are they not both sad as I?
My heart weeps with the surging seas,
Finds echo in the sobbing trees
In their sad, despairing threnody.

The lone sea-mew can find his mate
The sheep have aye their shepherd's care,
Forgetting and forgotten; my fate
To drift, like sea tossed foam,
To sweet forgetfulness—If that may be.

The Barren Woman

By Gordon Johnstone

'TIS THE heart of me's waiting this many a year
Since I married my ould buckeen,
For the rose that grows in the soul of those
That never a blight of their trysting knows;
For the love babbine
That is ever seen
In the drop of a woman's tear.

'Tis the heart of me's waking this many a night
And the drame of it will not lie,
'Till I feel two lips on my own like slips
Of the dew kissing flower the wild bird sips,
And I hear the cry,
When the winds go by,
Of my drame in the dawning bright.

'Tis the heart of me's yearning like something wild
And the hope of it won't be stilled,
For I've heard somewhere in her ould days there,
The cousin of Mary was made to bear,
And her arms were filled,
When the dear God willed,
With the weight of a little child.

This department is under the direction of "Kit" who under this familiar pen name has endeared herself to Canadian women from Belle Isle to Victoria. Every month she will contribute sparkling bits of gossip, and news sidelights on life as seen through a woman's eyes.

THE two men leaned against the stile at the cross-roads. The sun was setting and all about were the sounds and perfume of spring. The trees, bare yet, were heavy with dark bulging buds which in a few weeks would break into fresh and tender young leaves. There was a smell of rain in the air, and shy flowerets were ready to unfold in the shelter of the boles of oak and elm. A delicious sense of hope, of renewed youth was abroad, and the glorious thought of summer was stirring in the mind.

"Oh to be in England, now that April's here," quoted the Pedlar, and then a sadness fell on him thinking of the ruin of Europe, of the many mourning homes in England, aye, and in our own beautiful Canada. They had been talking about the war, as who has not for the last eight months?

"I'm tired of it, Pedlar, me boy," quoth the man of the cross-roads, packing the tobacco into his pipe with his little finger. "Th' papers have nothin' else in them, an' the most of it is repetition or thieving wan from th' other. Why I've seen with me own eyes 'Special Dispatch to the Weekly Liar,' the same story I read four days before in the News of the Earth, special dispatch indeed! The editor of the Liar ought to be put in jail for shopliftin'—" And he spat disgustedly.

"There's more tragedies in the world than war or all it can bring, Tim," answered the Pedlar. "I got a letter in me pack this week that reminded me of wan of them—a quiet story with nothing in it but what might grip the heart of a woman—or of a man, maybe," he added.

"Tell us, while the sun is goin' down Pedlar. I see ye're in the mood an' there was a time when you could tell a good story. But maybe you've forgotten the thrick."

He climbed the stile and sat on the logs step while the Pedlar, his empty Pack wallowing on the road beside him, leant against the stone wall and looked across the lonely fields, seeing visions.

And this is what he told old Tim of the Cross-roads:—

HER HOME COMING

SHE had been away for eight years. When she left them, the dear father and mother were on the edge of the gray land of Age. She, the woman, had been struggling for a living in the country across the sea. It was not the day—as it is now—of women in the field of business. There were no openings for the penniless young woman. Girl typists were almost unknown; women bookkeepers were scarce. There was open to women seeking employment mainly domestic service, nursing, and governessing. This particular young woman was at this time pretty in a fresh round-faced Irish way, with bronze hair and a glowing skin not pink and white, but golden and rose. She was tall and slender and lissom but had no features to boast of. Just a healthy young woman full of life and nerve and vim and with ten pounds in her pocket with which to face the world.

It had gone hard with her. In that part of northern Canada to which her ticket from London took her, there was no demand for governesses, nursery or other. She had taken lessons in cooking at South Kensington, and bethought her to open a cookery school. But she could not find the necessary implements. There were no gas stoves with thermometers fastened inside the oven doors so that the heat might be registered and adjusted. There were no double saucepans, no larding needles, nor any accessories to fancy cooking. So she gave that up. She tried to get into a store but she was short on arithmetic and a failure. She was no hand at sewing. She tried the stage but revolted when the comedy man tried to kiss her. Once, a bellboy in the shabby hotel brought her the card of some man. He asked for an interview. She thought that maybe here was a chance of getting employment and acceded to the crude request for an interview. The man, big, fleshy, halting of speech, made her the astonishing proposal that she might travel with him as his wife through the Rockies and down to Chicago.

"Are you asking me to marry you?" questioned the inexperienced girl.

"Well, no. I have a wife and family, but I thought you would not object to a friendly little jaunt." He said it with difficulty.

The girl's cheeks flamed. You would

not like the look in her yellow-brown eyes. "Go," she said, and he went.

After that times went hard with this girl. She sold her Pinet shoes and slippers for a dollar a pair. She pawned her emerald and diamond set and never redeemed them. Her watch and the long gold chain went, but her letters home were bright. She was doing splendidly, she said, earning a nice, easy living and "making good." Her gentle lies brought some peace to the harrassed home people. Times were bad, the old estate, the good old house had to be sold. A little hunting lodge up in one of the Meath countries was to be the home of the old people, of the big man who loved big rooms, who always wanted plenty of space. A tiny garden in place of the old roving two acres where the wild flowers grew unmolested beside the cultured and cared-for ones,—was all the old lady had left to play and potter in. She would miss her early potatoes and cabbages and the "gardener," old Bartley Quinn.

"But, so happy to know that you, darling child, are doing so well in the new country," ran the letters, "and so very glad in the thought that you will be able to pay us a little visit before long."

Meantime the girl had been put to cruel straits. She even thought of domestic service but the idea was nauseating to the gentlewoman in her. She thought of the old servants in the old home, of their freedom, of the affection and consideration shown to them, and the effort, the trying to make the best of things died within her.

In her loneliness and despair she tried the writing of little stories. Invariably they were returned to her. Then she studied the papers. She offered herself as cub reporter to a paper which happened to be short-handed at the moment. The city editor, surprised for once in his life, took her on to fill a gap at four dollars a week. She was sent everywhere. Across town to write up a wedding, back again to report a flower show; here, there, four, five, six assignments in a day.

The fellows in the reporters' room smiled over their copy when she came in and went to her shabby, ink-splashed desk. But after a while they ceased to laugh and even grew to respect her and make a comrade of her. Many a chap she helped during those years. Many a little descriptive opening of race-meet or flower show she wrote for some young cub who was only able to master facts and figures. After a time, and by very slow degrees, she was advanced to a "feature department" for women. It was unthankful work, but it meant an increase in salary. She began to put by for that longed-for day when she might go home and see the dear old people again.

Cross letters, foolish letters, letters of abuse, letters from declassé women, from drunken men, poured in on her. But she clung steadily to her work, she saved and scrimped till the day and the hour came when she, twenty-seven years old, could pay her passage home, could see again her darling old people.

Somehow her delight at going home was mingled with anguish. If they should have changed greatly. If she herself, beaten and hardened by life, should have changed so much that things would not be for her lovely and loving and most dear, as they had been in the old days. If it was all too late! As the ship swung out to the deep sea some misgiving and doubt assailed her. As the voyage progressed the heaving, sad gray seas somehow composed her. They brought her the sense of the illimitable, the uncaring, the vast forces of inexorable nature. They made her feel puny and afraid, and withal they brought her nerve and strength. She, too, had fought and wrested from life a living; she, too, would fight on, and breast obstacles as the great tumultuous waves breasted them. She, too, would continue the effort even though her heart broke in the contact with life's forces just as the waves broke against the black sides of the ship. All life, all nature, was effort. A great sadness was upon her. Always passionate, living in every tiny nerve, impulsive, emotional, and very generous, almost extravagantly so, she had given of herself freely.

And now she was going home. Every leap of the great ship was bringing her nearer to the dear green hills, to the rockbound coast of her native land—to the two old people, the big man, the little patient God-loving saint of a mother. She would hear him say "mo choiade", "my lanna bawn" in the affectionate language which she held always in the deeper love of her heart. She would hear the gentle, "my murneen," of the little mother. All the hard years would melt away in the glow and warmth of that dear affection. She trembled in anticipation of the joy of it. She would hurry from Southampton to London, thence by Euston to Holyhead, and then she would see the North Wall and the Custom House of Dublin and would side-car across the city to the little old Hotel near the Broadstone Terminus, where her father always put up when on his visits to the stockyards. She wondered if Dennis Fahy, the boots, would yet be there. Dennis, the old saint, who heard Mass every day of his life and loved her father. Why, of course he'd be there, and what's more, he would know her. A little glow warmed her heart at the very thought of the Broadstone Hotel and of Dennis. Oh, how tired she was! how lost and tired! wanting to creep in between the big arms and be father's little girl once again. He would be grayer, and stouter perhaps, but the wonderful smile of the close-pressed lips, the light in the blue eyes—just her old daddy.

The little mother, always self-reliant, self-sacrificing, quiet, meek, hardly these days came into the girl's thoughts at all. She was such a self-effacing little mother. Busy always, gentle, loving, steadfast and sane, so different from her turbulent big girl—she was one of God's elected. Meek and lowly, suffering all things patiently, the very keystone and foundation of the family if it but knew it.

Land at last and the rush across London. Then the North Wall "seat," slow enough, crawling across the channel. Then the gray walls of the Custom House and Dublin, and the hotel in the west in view.

"Sure, where will I be dhrivin' ye to, Ma'am?"

"The Broadstone Hotel, jarvey."

The little mare, her neck working in the collar, settled down to the long drive. The woman, rejoicing and erect sat in her precarious seat as one born to the manner. All the happy blessed youth of her childhood days blossomed out in her being. She noted the streets, the unchanged signs over the shops, the old conservatism of the old countries. The horses still drew the heavy two-decked trains. Nobody seemed to be in a hurry but the little well bred mare who raced along the squares and streets and took the turns in a rush. It was night and the city seemed lonely. The fashionable squares had "retired," and the tall houses were wrapped in a sort of shabby, proud dignity. But the girl from across seas was radiantly happy. She loved the loose seat on the rocking, jaunting car, she loved the racy little mare who worked keenly between the shafts; she leaned across the well of the car to talk to the jarvey, while from her meagre purse she took a double fare and jingled it in her hand. Dennis Fahy would be up cleaning the boots and stealing from door to door in his stocking-feet. Dennis would remember her just one minute after she had spoken to him. Oh, wasn't it good to be home to run into father's arms, to kiss little mother, to go out in the small garden, and, laying her face to the blessed soil, to cry her heart out, her poor, tired aching heart!

At last the hotel. How small and

Continued on page 419.

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Puffed Wheat is baked in superheated ovens—at 550 degrees. It is toasted by rolling for one hour in that fearful heat. So it's baked and toasted in a matchless way.

Then it is steam exploded. A hundred million explosions—one for each granule—are caused in every grain. Thus every whole-wheat atom is fitted for digestion as it never was before.

That's what Prof. Anderson's invention means in a hygienic way. And that's why millions of mothers serve Wheat and Rice in puffed form to their children. You will do it also when you know the facts, especially between meals and at bedtime.

Puffed Wheat, 12c
Puffed Rice, 15c
Except in Extreme West

Thin, Airy, Flimsy Bubbles

These are enticing morsels. They seem to melt like snowflakes. The grains are eight times normal size—four times as pourous as bread. The taste is like toasted nuts.

They are more than breakfast dainties. Use them as confections Use them like nut meats in candy or ice cream. Let children eat them salted, like peanuts, when at play. And by all means serve them in your evening bowls of milk.

Folks delight in these grains. All folks easily digest them. And every atom feeds.

The Quaker Oats Company

Peterborough, Ont. **Sole Makers** **Saskatoon, Sask.**

(871)

Capt. Best

Continued from page 382.

Bloomfontein, where the Commander in Chief, Lord Roberts, was stationed, several days before the Canadians. He told his story to the commander, who listened with great sympathy, and attached him to the Canadian [illegible] as special service officer; wishing him God speed, and according him all free lance privileges.

Upon the arrival of the troops Capt. Best went out to meet them, and was received by the commanding officer as one fairly raised from the dead. That his athletic training still held him in good stead and that his services both as a "nurse" and a comforter at times of disaster and death were indispensible is a well known story among the officers and men who were with him during the campaign.

Under command for the most part of Col. Lessard, now Major General Lessard, C.B., he conducted [illegible] and religious services among the troops being with them in all their engagements, nursing the wounded, carrying despatches, substituting for stretcher conducting burial services, not only for the Canadian dead but for all the men killed in some of the larger engagements, visiting men in field hospitals, and proving a veritable handy man, and everybody's friend. He was deservedly popular with both officers and men, he cheered the boys in their homesick moments and engineered sports for them in the dreary monotony between battles.

Actual service experiences have been turned to good account by Capt Best in many cases in the training camps at Valcartier, and the Exhibition Camp in Toronto, and the programme of good works has been greatly extended. It is said, by those in a position to know that the Y M C A work at Valcartier was the largest and perhaps the most efficient of its kind ever carried on. Capt Best with his seventy eight men on his staff speaks of the work there as one of the bright spots of his life.

This sunny hearted dispenser of cheer and comfort is the first choice for overseas duty with the first contingent and the happiest moment of his life will be when he is with his own specials boys, many of whom belonged to the R C Dragoons in South Africa, in the trenches in France or Belgium supplying comfort and cheering them up.

"I want you to understand," said young Spender, 'that I got my money by hard work." "Why, I thought it was left to you by your rich uncle." "So it was, but I had hard work to get it away from the lawyers."

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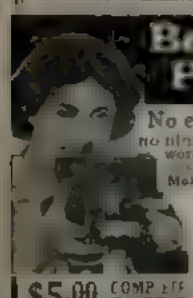

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THE CHICAGO FERROTYPE CO.

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The Hubble Bubble House

Continued from page 367.

"Good heavens, you don't say. Is that the way you marry—like the French women? Don't you love him then?"

"Oh no, my father says that's only in books." She recognized the impression she was making and impishly made the most of it. This good-looking stranger brought out the desire inherent in all the women of the East the desire to please their lord and master.

"It was our fathers who said—these two must marry—and the time has come. He will put money in my father's business, and I have no brother so it will all go to him. He came to me and said—'I don't love you and you don't like me, but it is said that we must marry. I hope you will be very comfortable.' Therefore I have no respect for him, I'd have loved him if he said as a true son of our people should—'I don't love you yet but you must make me love you or I'll kill you.' But alas, my husband was brought up here in your country and I hate him."

"But you must not marry under those circumstances." Carr leaned eagerly towards her. "Why—why it would be a sin."

Nejail looked sideways at him and stood up.

"It is said by our fathers," she answered. "Come, Mr. Carr, they are having supper."

Carr put out his hand and took hers.

"I'd rather not, thanks. I must get on, but may I come again to-morrow night?"

"A friend may not leave our house until he had broken bread with us. In this way none but friends enter. An enemy will not eat at your table for fear he choke—this is the Syrian way."

She was so very serious about it that Carr didn't dream of laughing. The girl waited for his answer with that invisible veil drawn tightly across the lower part of her face. Her eyes besought his above its border and no feature but her eyes commanded attention. This artifice was probably a survival of the necessity of veiled Turkish and Persian women of speaking with their eyes. They stood so for a moment, then he lowered his gaze.

"Very well, I'll stay," he answered meekly.

Samson was bound.

Every evening and two or three afternoons, John Carr found some excuse for dropping in to see Miss Nejail and their friendship increased at a great rate. His article was progressing and Nejail helped him all she could with suggestions, stories and anecdotes of their method of living.

It was Thursday night and Nejail was standing on the front gallery bidding Jack good-bye. He had been through a very strenuous evening all Nejail's relatives had gathered for what might be termed "a final weep." They wept and wailed and bemoaned the fact that this was her last night of girlhood. The father and mother cried with them because they were losing her forever; until it really became unbearable. So Carr took his departure and was followed to the door by tear-stained Nejail, who [illegible] arm sobbing quietly.

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often called "Little Wireless Phones for the Ears" are restoring perfect hearing in every condition of deafness or defective hearing from causes such as Catarrhal Deafness, Relaxed or Sunken Drums, Thickened Drums, Roaring and Hissing Sounds, Perforated, Wholly or Partially Destroyed Drums, Discharge from Ears, etc. No matter what the case or how long standing it is, testimonials received show marvelous results. Common Sense Ear Drums strengthen the nerves of the ears and concentrate sound waves on one point of the natural drums, thus successfully restoring perfect hearing where medical skill even fails to help. They are made of a soft, sensitized material, comfortable and safe to wear. They are easily adjusted by the wearer and out of sight when worn.

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"This parting is the worst of all," she sobbed. "Will you come to-morrow for the last time?"

The veil of dissembling was rent between them and they both looked into miserable eyes.

"Nejail," he said softly, "will you marry me?" His arm went around her protectingly, and she looked up with frightened eyes.

"You know that to be impossible," she replied calmly. "My wedding clothes are bought."

Carr gave an angry snort.

"What has that got to do with it?" he demanded. "You've grown very dear to me, Nejail, and I want you. It is right you should give up the man you detest for the man you love."

The girl shivered and closed her eyes.

"The wedding clothes are bought," she repeated sadly.

"But what has that got to do with it," he persisted with a wild gesture "He doesn't want you, and I do. Come to me to-night, to-morrow, any time, but come. Nejail, do you hear me?"

She threw herself into his arms with a burst of uncontrollable weeping.

"God, do I hear," she cried. "Can't you understand that what must be, must be. The son of our people buys the wedding clothes for his bride and she accepts them as a pledge of her good faith. It would be a crime for me to do what you suggest, even if you have my love." She paused for a moment to gain control of her voice. "My father lied to me, there is such a thing as love. Oh, I am so miserable but there is no other way. This is the Syrian way—Oh go, go Jack, but kiss me, kiss me good-bye."

Carr bent his lips to her upturned face, and they stood in a silence of their own making that the noise of weeping from the house, nor the roar of traffic from the streets could not pierce. Centuries of feminine submission to masculine authority broke her spirit now, and the yoke of her ancestresses descended on to her neck.

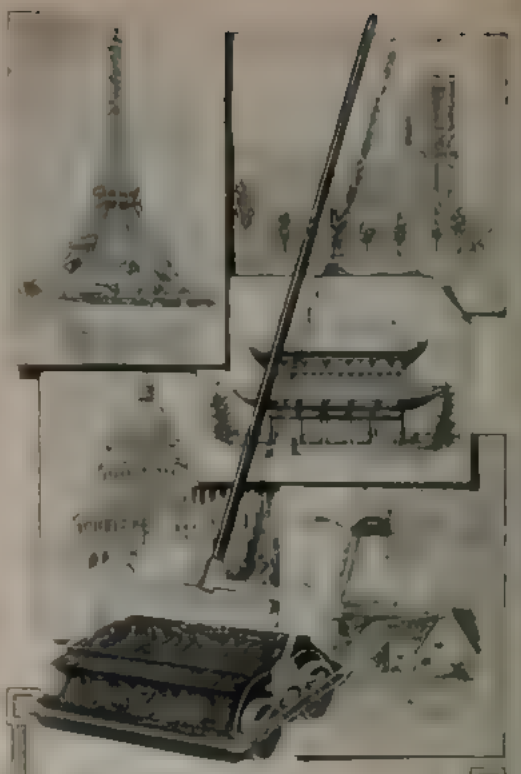
"Then this *is* good-bye, Oh thou beautiful one—" Carr whispered.

"No—yes—our own good-bye, but you will come to the wedding to-morrow. Remember that you have never seen a Syrian wedding and it is to be the finish to your writing. Lord of my heart, will you do me a favor, promise?"

She held the real scarf she was wearing, across the lower part of her face now, and again her eyes awaited his answer.

"I promise anything," he said slowly.

"Well, it is that you will come to-morrow to the church and then after to the house and before them all you will walk up to me and say—'May you be very happy.' Then you will leave and be sure to close the door behind you that I may hear it close. The Syrian custom is, when anyone is going a journey from a house, they leave the door open after them, that the journey may be successful and the return safe, that they may enter again. Those who



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do not wish to return to that house close the door behind them. Do you see ?"

"I see," he answered with a sort of dead resignation.

"And to please me you promise ?" she released herself from his arms.

"I promise."

"Then good-night, master of my spirit, may your dreams delight you." She stood in the doorway waiting—but he dazedly kissed the edge of her scarf and went away.

. . . . . .

Carr somehow found himself in the church the following morning. He didn't care so much now that the service was really going on, he only had a dull ache somewhere and it was choking him. That article had to be handed in and it wasn't finished; he could never finish it now because he was sick.

Men were chanting and everyone was holding a lighted candle, even he, maybe he'd brought it with him; the fire signified a sacrifice. The priest was saying the Greek mass and incense rose in volumes around him, enveloping his gorgeous vestments in a cloud. Jack saw him take two crowns, made of flowers and place them alternately on their heads. Whose heads ? asked his dulled brain. On that ordinary looking man and his bride. Why, it was Nejail, she of the beautiful eyes standing there just like an ordinary bride, and the joke was that everyone there thought she was just like anyone else, except him, he knew different. Oh dear, it was tiresome; how he wished someone would lean near her and set fire to her veil; then they would all run away but him, and he would take her up in his arms, fire and all, and carry her off

After a little while, he found himself back at the house, but not her house, the groom's house. It is the Syrian custom for the groom to give the wedding feast and the parents of the bride return to their home after the wedding and do not see their daughter for three days. He knew that much, but how? With a quick stab of pain he remembered that Nejail had told him.

He walked bravely up to where she stood arrayed in all the detestable wedding finery, the white satin chains of her slavery; with a white face and her big, dark eyes fixed upon him and he took her hand and pressed it.

"May you be very happy, Nejail, Goodbye."

She smiled, but the hand that held his trembled. He felt her leave a note in his fingers as she withdrew hers and politely said: "Thank you, you are very kind."

Out in the hall he opened the small piece of paper. "Light of my Life" it ran

"Why, why did you not carry me off in your arms last night. When we love, that is the Syrian way

Thy Beloved."

Carr crushed the note savagely and uttered a low cry, then he stumbled blindly down the stairs.

At the bottom he stopped to collect his thoughts. There was something that he had promised to do, that he felt vaguely was going to make his pain worse. He passed out and slammed the door.

The West by Water

Continued from page 375

of the river; one end of it remaining in the water. During the night there was a sudden drop in the level of the river, the end of the boat dropped with it, and the mail bags fell out into the torrent. They were never recovered

Where the Athabasca is too rough for even these daring navigators, comes the really hard work of northern transportation—to get around the rapids

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overland. Tracking a boat along a rocky channel is bad enough, but portaging its cargo, and then itself, over a wilderness trail to the next smooth water is worse. Romance becomes sheer drudgery when a man's back must bear a burden like an ox and mosquitoes bite like hornets. But it's a part of the game, and the men who play it through, do it well and gaily. It's their life.

The Peace is a better planned and more usable river. "Ouanjagi," the Indians used to call it, which being interpreted signifies "Our Own Beautiful River." Of its thousand miles, nine hundred are navigable, and navigation on the Peace ordinarily means easy going on a stretch of water that is from seven hundred feet to one mile, wide, flowing calmly and comfortably through steep-cut banks that are in places nine hundred feet high. On either side is rich prairie, mixed with rolling woodland, and all through the Peace River Valley the genius of the North seems at its best and gayest. Potential farm-land, thickly spread with bunch grass and wild flowers, lies all about, and into the midst of it the really noble river runs invitingly. Yet it is not for all its course a broad and placid stream. Up in its mountain sections is the Peace River Gorge, a wild tumultuous twenty-mile canyon out of which little has yet come alive or whole, and the wicked savagery of this part of the river is in striking contrast to its peacefulness lower down. In a summer mood the Peace is a river of many delights, and it is certain to be, some day, a well-travelled tourist route, as well as a commercial highway.

Important as they are in their own rights, however, both the Athabasca and the Peace are introductory to the Mackenzie, king of all the northern rivers. From where it receives the waters of its two main feeders, at Great Slave Lake, to its mouth on the Arctic coast is a thousand miles, averaging one mile wide, but sometimes widening to two miles. It, too, has a gorge, where the Mackenzie Ramparts border it for three or four miles, piling up straight cliffs of rock from one to two hundred feet high, and making one of the North's scenic showplaces. Less prolific in tributaries than the Peace and Athabasca, one of its branches, the Liard, which comes into the main stream from the left, reaches away westward, rising within 150 miles of the Pacific. The Mackenzie's importance lies in the fact that it is a magnificent natural highway to the very top of the continent, open to navigation from late May to late September. Seven-foot vessels find an easy channel as far south as Fort Smith, half-way between Great Slave and Athabasca Lakes, and there are no shifting sandbars to fear, as in the Saskatchewan.

A substantial freight and passenger traffic, including that of the far-north fur trade, already goes over this route, in steamboats belonging to the big trading companies and the missions. That the conveniences of travel and the evidences of modern business should thus be found in these far northern parts has somewhat of surprise in it, however well one may have foreknown the fates. The steamboats are well and staunchly built; they are very comfortably fitted and furnished, with staterooms and dining-rooms and cabins; some of them are electric-lighted, and they make very good time. At the end of their route is the end of the continent and the land of the Eskimos.

Over in the left-hand corner is another great river, the Yukon, suggestive of gold-hunting and stampede days. It rises, like all the others, in the mountains along the continental divide, but takes a north and west course through the Yukon Territory and Alaska, to the Bering Sea. From the coast side it gives an easy summer entrance into the heart of the golden North by a river route of 1,500 miles to Dawson, and a large and varied traffic goes over that route each season. Dapper passenger boats and clumsy rafts laden with prospectors' supplies go the Yukon way. The steamers travel according to a nicely printed schedule, but the supply-rafts by no more dependable a law than the impulse of the adventurer.

That impulse, by the way, is an undefinable and irrepressible quantity that has been the making of some men and the utter undoing of others. When a man ventures out upon a northern river, with only a few sticks of wood, lashed together, to carry him and his possessions, it may be taken for granted that a vision of some kind is luring him on, and the satisfying of that dream involves both fun and peril en route. Many a Crusoe has gone up the Yukon River, poled his way

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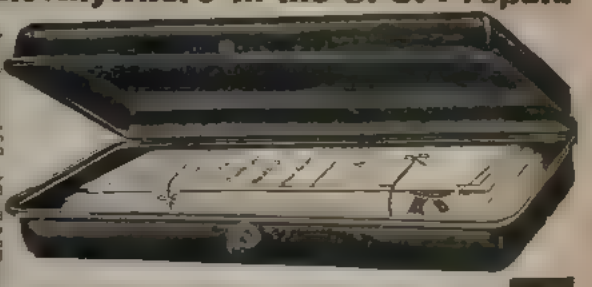

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It was this HUDSON Six-40—the first of its type—which brought that condition about. It ended all the over-taxes—weight, price, fuel, tires. It established new ideals in luxury, beauty and equipment. And for one year from its advent we never caught up with our orders.

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This HUDSON Six-40 has had something like a 25-million-mile test. Ten thousand owners have driven it over every sort of road that exists. And hundreds of HUDSON service stations have watched and reported results.

Four years have been spent in perfecting it. A great engineering corps headed by Howard E. Coffin have given their entire time to it. Every principle and detail has been proved out in a most exhaustive way. There is nothing more certain in the industry to-day than the fact that this car is right.

The Standard Light Six

The HUDSON Six-40 was the pioneer of this type. Its tremendous success is what has led to Light Six popularity. It was this car which brought down the weight, the price and the operative cost of the Six. And most of the most desirable cars of the day are founded on this pattern

But our 1915 model is a four-year evolution. The unavoidable new-car crudities have been eliminated. The final refinements are shown here. And our vast experience with it has wiped out the risk of faults.

You have more than the usual assurance. There are 10,000 users to confirm what we say of it. There are men all around you—neighbors of yours—to testify to its perfections.

Not another light Six compares with this for the man who wants a proved car that he knows he can depend on. And will you find one which compares with this in the things you see—in beauty, finish and equipment.

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HUDSON dealer service is exceptional. It includes periodic inspection. And there are 800 service stations, scattered everywhere

We have dealers everywhere—These are a few of our Canadian Dealers

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Nova Motor Co., 78 Granville Street, Halifax, N S., Can
Motor Livery, Ltd , Calgary, Alberta.
Dominion Motor Co., Medicine Hat, Alta
H. T. Henderson Garage, Lethbridge, Alta.
Legare Gadbois Automobile, 316 City Hall Ave. Montreal, Que , Canada
Motor Car & Equipment Co., 110-112 Princess Street St. John, New Brunswick
Mr P T. Legare, Quebec, P. Q.
Dominion Auto Co., Ltd. 146-51 Bay Street Toronto, Ont., Can.,
Mr Herbert J. Hambrecht, Berlin, Ont.
Mr William P Peters, Kingston, Ont., Can.
C. B. Bernard, London, Ont
Thomas Wallace, North Bay, Ontario.
Walker Bros., Orillia, Ontario
International Motor Car Co., Ottawa, Ont
Mr F C Gibbs, Port Arthur, Ont
L J Shickluna, Port Colborne, Ont
W C Warren St Catharines, Ont
M H Pendergast, Sarnia, Ont
Drew & Johnson Sault Ste Marie, Ont
Kalbfleisch Bros Stratford, Ont
Dominion Motor Car Co Ltd Vancouver B C
Vancouver Jr Auto Co , Ltd , 937 View St , Victoria B C
Western Canada M C Co , Ltd , Winnipeg Man
Canadian Garage Moose Jaw, Sask

HUDSON MOTOR CAR CO., DETROIT, U. S. A

through its gorges, twisted around its sandbars, ridden its rapids, till he came to where he thought good fortune awaited him; and all along the Yukon, as along the other rivers of the Western North, are the ashes of myriad camp fires that tell half-tales of yesterday. If the human history of it all were known and written, we would have not a few but many books, that would make the work of some imaginative novelists look like that of a novice.

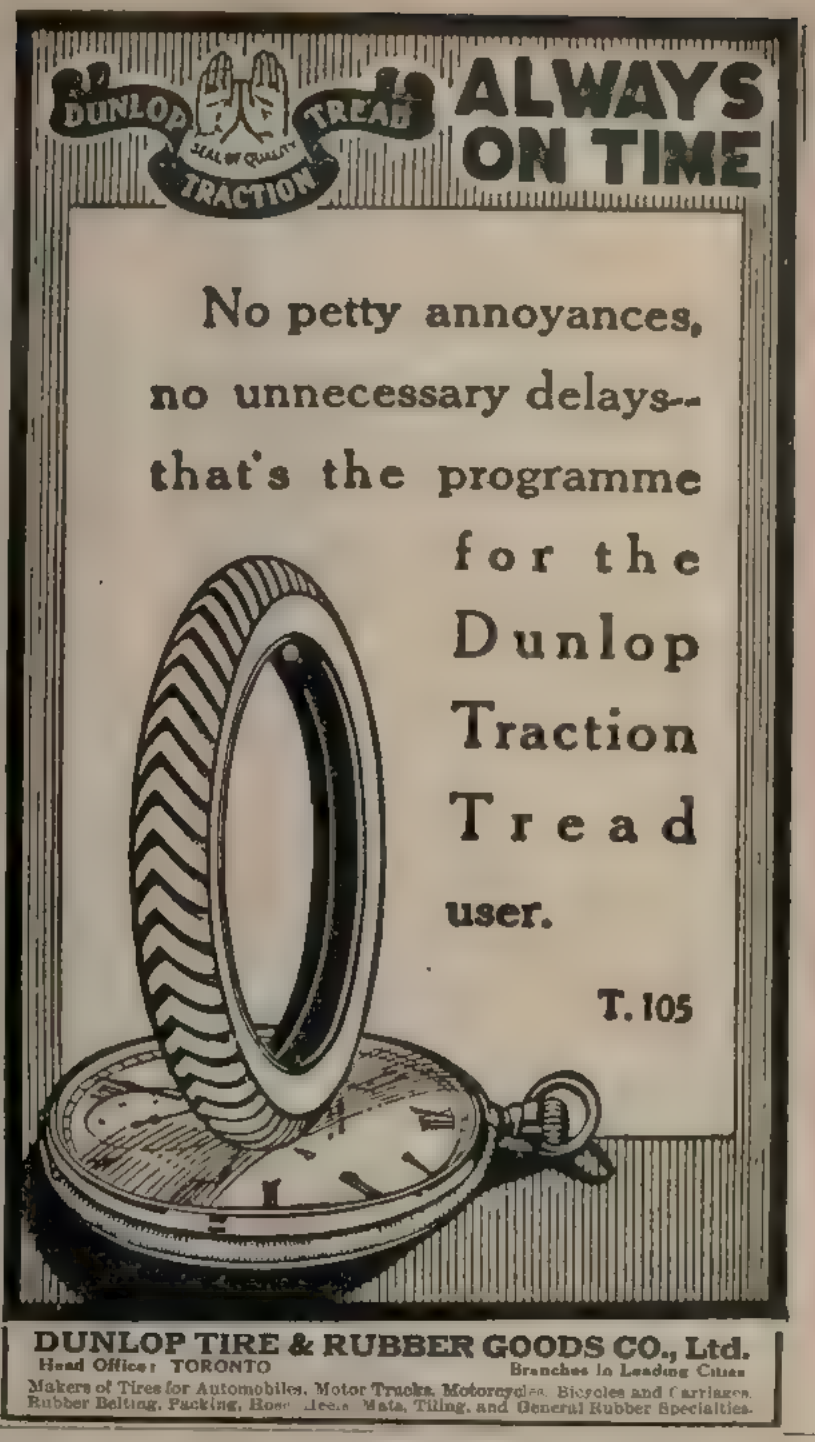
The mountain country that gives birth to so many good and great rivers flowing out to east and west produces several others that remain within the borders of British Columbia, and of these the Fraser is the greatest and best. It rises up in the northern part of the Rockies, runs for two hundred miles westward, then turns and runs due south for four hundred miles; turns again and pours through the gorges of the Coast Range mountains till it reaches the Pacific. In all it is nearly 750 miles long, and six other good-sized rivers, chief of which is the beautiful Nechako, run into it along the way.

Born of the mountains, fed by the glaciers, and in places poured through and down wild passes and narrow gorges, it is to be expected that these swift rivers of the West and North should have great power possibilities. Some of the falls and rapids have been developed, at a number of points, for municipal and manufacturing purposes; but the greater part of the water-power resources of the country beyond the Great Lakes is yet untouched. To estimate the extent of these resources is, naturally enough, a difficult matter. It has been said that one million horse-power could be secured from the falls of the Nelson River alone; the Grand Rapids on the Saskatchewan have at least 80,000 horse-power in waiting; the rivers of Alberta, if harnessed at such points as the long rapids of the Athabasca, the Vermilion falls on the Peace, and the several falls in the mountain districts of the province, could give 1,150,000 horse-power. And the streams in interior British Columbia have unknown possibilities which are even now being put to use. The most northern hydro-electric power development in Canada is that of the Yukon Gold Company on one of the creeks of the Yukon River near Dawson, where 2,000 horse-power is generated for use at the mining works thirty-six miles away. More than a thousand miles to the south and east, in a country which is still new, but which was tapped recently by the main line of the Grand Trunk Pacific road, four famous falls in Stoney Creek are being developed to furnish power and light to town's people in the rich Nechako Valley. The hydro power company controlling these falls is also running its own lumber and planing mills, and out of the profits of its finished lumber is practically meeting the expense involved in the development of 5,000 horse-power. Stoney Creek, a tributary of the majestic Nechako river, has its source in Noolki and Tachic lakes, two natural reservoirs which are fed by the snows of Sinkut mountain.

A year or two ago it was proposed to carry power from the rapids on the Athabasca to Edmonton, one hundred miles or more, and something may yet come of it. When the need arises, the Western North will be able to supply itself from its own rivers and creeks with convenient and economical power in quantities that no one can yet figure up.

Not for their transportation or industrial possibilities alone are these northwestern rivers of value, but for their beauty's sake as well. Thousands have seen the Fraser tumbling down its gorge, through a crack in the mountains, and have wondered at it. Somewhat like it is the Miles Canyon on the Lewes River, a part of the Yukon system. The complacent and unmatchable Peace has a beauty distinctively its own.

The Hay River, emptying into Great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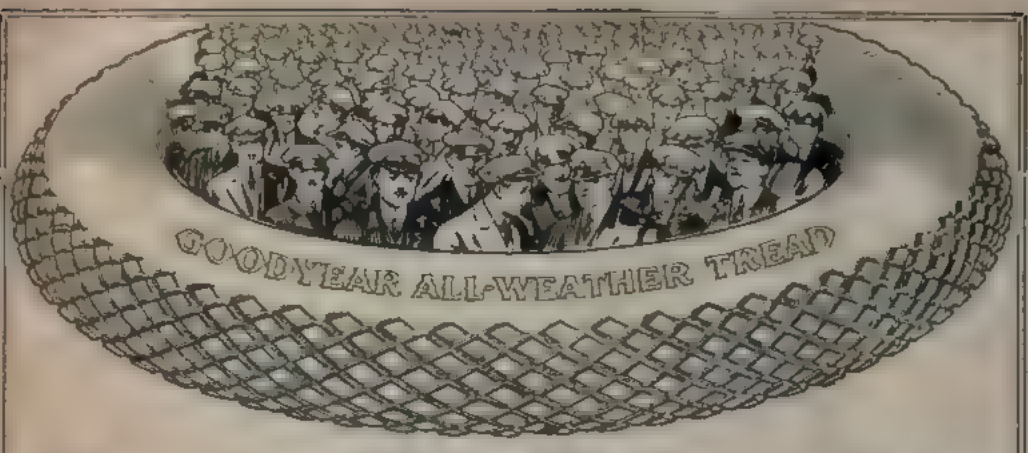

The Tire That Won Its Way

Protects Thousands of Canadian Users

There are two kinds of leadership: One is merely nominal—conferred on untried quality; the other is the natural result of universally recognized merit, won and proven through actual performance.

And the latter way is the way by which Goodyear tires have come to hold first place in tiredom—*they have won on demonstrated merit.*

Back of their reliability is serviceability. Back of that are master methods and equipment. Back of these again is the knowledge so vital to tire perfection.

True Balance

Every part of a Goodyear tire bears an exact relation to every other part. That is why Goodyears have won their name as the well-balanced tires. The fabric used must be of an exact weight, quality and strength, as demonstrated by thousands of Goodyears through years of actual service, as well as by endless laboratory tests. The rubber must be of highest quality. The tread must be built in true proportion to the "carcass." For the tread to out-balance the carcass would be as unsatisfactory as a half-inch sole on a patent leather shoe.

And all this means service and economy for users. Tires can be made more costly, but they cannot be made better. Extra cost usually means the over development of some one part, which must be discarded with the rest of the tire when the tire gives out elsewhere.

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And, with their qualities of true balance, Goodyear Fortified tires offer four exclusive features which combat four major tire troubles:

Rim-cuts are utterly needless. Fortified tires prohibit them by a method which we control.

Blowouts—those countless blowouts due to wrinkled fabric—are avoided by our exclusive "On-Air" cure.

Loose treads are combated—reduced 60 per cent.—by the large rubber rivets we alone create.

Punctures and skidding are best met by our double-thick All-Weather tread.

Tire Protection

In these ways Goodyears are protecting thousands of Canadian motorists from added tire expense, and after trouble.

If you have not yet used them, you are surely coming to them. Now—with muddy spring days at hand—get them with All-Weather treads. You never saw an anti-skid so sharp, so tough, so enduring, so resistless.

Also get them because they are made in Canada—at our Bowmanville, Ontario, factory where every standard and method are strictly Goodyear.

And get them because they cost you less than 18 other Canadian and American makes. You can pay more, but your money can't buy more than Goodyears offer.

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Fortified Tires
With All-Weather Treads or Smooth

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Slave Lake, has two waterfalls, one of which, the Alexandria Falls, is 150 feet high and as beautiful as Niagara itself. And over in the northeast, are two little rivers that quite surpass in real beauty anything else in Canada. These are the Little Buffalo, flowing into the northern end of Great Slave Lake, and its affluent, the Nyarling. The Little Buffalo is only one hundred miles long and fifty feet wide, but so well-travelled a man as Ernest Thompson Seton does not hesitate to call it the most beautiful river in the world, not excepting even the Rhine. It winds a narrow way between shores of virgin forest, where hedges of wild roses grow luxuriantly, and where the song birds of half the continent seem to have their native haunts.

There's history, too, about the waterways of the Western North. New as they are even yet to the world at large, nearly all of them are associated with the early days of Canadian exploration and with pioneer colonization, when the first brave things in the West were done. Thus, the Saskatchewan River began to be known to white men two hundred and forty years ago, when the Hudson's Bay Company adventurers invaded the wilderness of the primeval Indians.

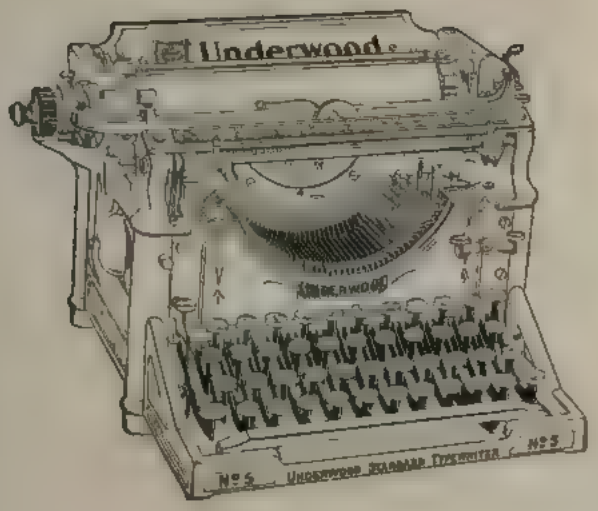
A long succession of traders, trappers, hunters, and voyageurs has passed to and fro upon this river, or along its shores since then, and the memory of Simon Fraser, who something more than a hundred years ago made the first cross-country journey from the head waters of the Saskatchewan to Lake Superior, is equally entitled to long life. Fraser's exploration in the coast country also, and his finding of the river that now bears his name, is another good bit of river history. So, too, is Sir Alexander Mackenzie's voyage in 1789 down the unknown highway of the North, to the edge of the Arctic. That was a bold and brave achievement, for even yet it is a voyage in the wilderness and must then have been something after the kind of Columbus' first voyage to the unknown Indies.

The rivers and lakes that so thickly mark the map of Western and Northern Canada are rich in tradition, many of them are beautiful, most of them are industrially valuable, and all of them are proofs of a time, very long ago, when there was a great commotion in northern America and mighty forces were set agoing that piled up mountains and levelled wide plains and made pathways for the running waters. We are to-day benefitting from some of these ancient movements of nature, and other benefits of a like kind are awaiting our pleasure

The largest river is Time.

THE

UNDERWOOD



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Some Slums

Continued from page 361.

reality I'm simply the rector in charge of the Five Points Settlement."

"A rector," the lady exclaimed in dismay looking once again at the close cropped hair and the head that was set so firmly upon the broad shoulders. "Why I thought that ministers were always little old men with grey hair."

"I'm not much of a minister yet," the young man laughed "I'm just learning my trade Maybe by the time I'm full fledged I will shrink a little and come up to specifications a little more in the matter of age and hair!"

"I think," decided the lady, "that I have time to go shopping now for some of the things the Shaner family will need. Philips," she directed, "you may go back to the car and see if there are any shops near by. I will be down in a moment."

The chauffeur touched his hat and left

"Possibly it would make it easier for you if I went with you."

Thank you," exclaimed the lady

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then halted in her enthusiasm, "but I don't think you really ought to go with me."

"Why not?"

"Because,—" she paused in confusion and then blurted out hastily, "because I don't think you know what kind of a woman I am."

He looked at her quizzically. "Do you think that makes any difference? In the Five Points Settlement we don't ask 'Who are you?' but, 'What are you doing?' Suppose we set out Helen Mary."

"Suppose we do," she acquiesed and added haltingly, "Peter Flemming."

With a promise of a speedy return they left the children and descended to the car.

It had turned a trifle colder, crystalizing the slush under foot to rough ice, and snow was beginning to fall in great furry blotches. The air was thick with the flakes and in the soft darkness the lights of the stores glowed pleasantly

Having the machine, made it possible for them to cover a pretty wide range of shops, and besides getting meat and groceries they found time to visit a candy shop and a toy store where the lady insisted on buying enough toys for the kid to last him a lifetime.

In the neighborhood stores everyone seemed to know Peter Flemming and all accepted Helen Mary's being with him as a matter of course and doffed their hats to her respectfully either not noticing her too costly raiment or else overlooking it because she was with the rector. It was a new sensation to the lady to be taken as a matter of course and she luxuriated in being natural. When she thought he was not looking she hastily wiped some rouge and powder from her face, with more damaging results to her handkerchief than to her complexion.

In the toy shop she inquired, "Where do you keep your Noah's Arks? We must have one for the baby, that is," she added, "if you have any with very durable colors."

The rector protested, "That takes half the fun out of having a Noah's Ark. Licking the paint off, I remember, was one of my first childish pastimes."

She laughed, "Yes, and look what you grew up to be. I don't intend that George shall become a minister."

"Oh. What makes you think his name is George?"

"I know because I just named him that myself. He's my very first baby and I think I should have the privilege of choosing his name." She looked into his blue eyes defiantly, daring him to reprove her for temporarily adopting the infant

In the store where they bought

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clothes for the kid she discovered unsuspected delights.

"Do you think," she turned gravely to the somewhat embarrassed young man, "do you think that these blue ribbons in the underwear will suit George's complexion ?"

"Why yes," he stammered, flushing a deep red which showed through his light hair, "I think blue would be delightful," and then to show his familiarity with the habits of babies he asked casually, "Hadn't we better buy a lot of safety pins ?"

"Yes I suppose so. I believe they are being worn this season considerably."

The saleswoman in charge was looking for dresses.

"How old is your baby, sir ?" she inquired of the young man.

"Why," he confessed, "I don't know exactly but he's about this long." He measured off a section of his arm.

"He's just one year old," the lady said.

"What a wonderful memory you have for dates Helen Mary," he murmured in a voice that the saleswoman could not overhear. Then he inquired, "How did you know George's age ?"

"It's a woman's business to know all about babies." Her eyes rested soberly in his. "I'm just discovering it for the first time."

At last they could think of nothing more that the family needed immediately

"I didn't know it was so much fun doing things for children," the lady exclaimed as they carried arms-full to the waiting car.

Peter Flemming looked as if he might have a sermon in his system on that subject but he only looked it Like the wise young man that he was he refrained from speaking. He knew what so many of his elders do not that a truth self-discovered is worth any number of them which someone else expounds

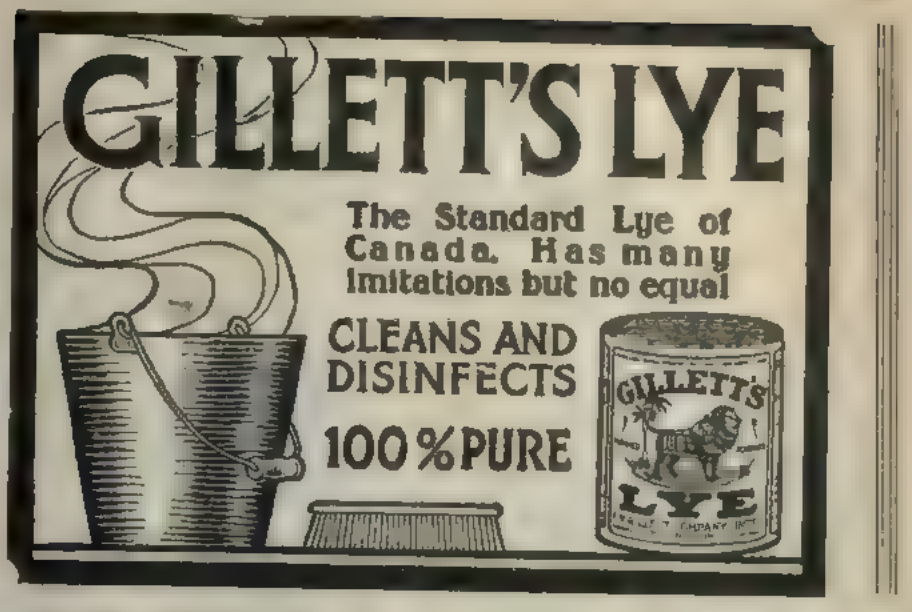
It was the supper hour at the Shaner's. Mame had the teakettle boiling and the tiny table was set for three

All thought of food was temporarily abandoned, however, at the advent of the foraging party. Even Puggy unbent from his attitude of mature masculine aloofness to gloat over the wonderful things that were their's.

Mame woke up the kid and without embarrassment robed him in his new dress so they could see how handsome he really was.

Helen Mary was going to leave, but Mame protested hospitably. "You must stay to supper. I've got the table all set for you and the rector. You'll stay won't you rector ?"

"I certainly will," he agreed hastily "You see I know what a good cook Mame is.'



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"I ought to go," objected the lady.

"Please," urged Mame, "stay and pretend just once that you are our mother and the rector is our father." She paused looking from one to the other to see if she had blundered. "You see Puggy and me, we remember when we had a really and truly father and mother and I'd like to have the kid see what it's like just once."

That decided the lady and she sat at one end of the table and the rector at the other while Mame occasionally occupied the third place whenever she was not fluttering around Puggy, who was having supper in bed, or removing something from the kid's mouth which was not supposed to be there.

"Gee, Puggy, ain't this swell?" rejoiced Mame looking at their benefactress with shining eyes. "When I grow up I'm going to be just like her."

The lady looked up quickly to see if Peter Flemming had heard what the little girl had said.

If he had he did not admit it, for he met her eyes frankly and inquired, "Do you think it's safe for a young man with only one tooth to eat a stick of candy with a red stripe around it?"

The lady considered the kid gravely. "I think it's perfectly safe as long as he leaves most of the sticky part on the outside of his face."

Before the meal was over Philips the chauffeur, arrived with a cot-bed and bed clothes which he had been obliged to make a special trip for. When it had been all fixed up by the deft hands of Mame and the clumsy but willing ones of Helen Mary, the rector carefully carried the boy to it and stretched him out as gently as possible.

"Gosh!" murmured the boy, "it's swell, being hurt ain't it, Mr. Flemming?"

When the lady finally took her leave it was like parting from one's own family. She promised to come again of course and surreptitiously gave the rector a roll of bills to be devoted to the future care of the Shaner's while the head of the family was incapacitated.

Mame carefully removed a layer of peppermint candy from the kid's features and held him up to the visitor to be kissed, which was rather a longer process than you might imagine, because it had to be done all over,—all over the baby that is.

At the door she turned to say good-bye to Mame who stood holding it open for her. She held out her hand.

"Good-bye, Mame."

The girl looked at the floor and rubbed her toe across a crack in the boards.

"Do you think," she asked haltingly, "you could pretend just once maybe that you were my mother and kiss me

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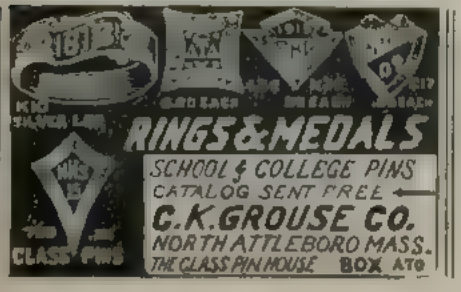

good-night, too?" She flushed painfully at her own temerity

The lady took her in her arms and held her tight for a full minute.

Then for fear she had overlooked something she started toward the little boy on the bed. In his eyes she read suddenly that he was afraid she was going to kiss him too.

She shook hands with him gravely, "Good-night Puggy. I hope your leg gets better soon."

The rector accompanied her down stairs. The snow was still falling gently and all the old garbage cans and ash barrels were resting under a thick white blanket.

At the car she paused a moment and thanked him. "I don't know when I've had a better time and I'm sorry " she paused.

"Sorry for what?"

"Sorry for lots of things."

The social instinct urged Peter Flemming to say, "May I see you again?"

She thanked him with her eyes and said with her lips, "No, I think not. I haven't many ministers among my acquaintances. Good-night."

"Good-night. You know without my saying it how kind you have been to those children. You have been a good angel."

"You wouldn't say that if you saw where I came from, Peter Flemming."

"Yes, Helen Mary, I would say that if you came from——no matter where you came from."

Half an hour later Philips, the chauffeur, was explaining to the confidential broker, who was waiting patiently in the most expensive grill room in the world, that Helen Mary had decided not to dine with him that evening.

"What's the matter?" he asked. "Not sick is she? I'll go right up to the flat."

The confidential broker rose preparatory to leaving the restaurant without dining.

"She said not to," protested the chauffeur deferentially.

"Not to come up?" the man repeated in amazement. "Why not?"

"Because," Philips continued, "she said she wouldn't be there."

Donald was leaving his native village for parts unknown. Sandy, his friend, invited all the friends and neighbors to his home to give Donald a royal send-off. As is customary at these gatherings, liquid refreshments were served without stint

About nine o'clock Sandy noticed Donald going round bidding the guests good-bye. "Your no goin' yet, Donald?" he said in surprise.

"Na, I'm no goin' yet," answered Donald, "but I thoct I'd bid 'em a' good-by while I knew 'em."

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LUX is the essence of fine, pure soap in flakes and possesses marvelous cleansing and preserving properties. It keeps all loosely woven fabrics from shrinking and thickening in the wash. Have you tried LUX?

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The full story of this policy told upon request.

The London Life Insurance Co.
LONDON - CANADA 60

Ghosts of Lost Ships

Continued from page 386

lower away the mainsail. These supernatural visitors were seen so often that men refused to ship on the schooner and she was known as a haunted vessel

As recently as December, 1913, the crew of the Nova Scotian owned bark "Belmont" declared that their vessel was struck by a phantom ship off Rio. Capt. Ladd of the fated ship said he was on the starboard tack when the helmsman spied lights ahead He did not change the course of his vessel, as she had the right of way, but before he could swing the Belmont out of danger the other vessel was right on top of her. In the crash which followed the bow of the Belmont was badly damaged and a great deal of her canvas came slapping down 'What's your name," shouted the mate to the ship which had caused all the damage. "Esmeralda" came the reply and the visitor faded from view Two of the sailors who rushed on deck when the vessels met were certain that the preceding craft left behind her a perceptible odor of brimstone and that for at least half an hour there was a red glow on the surface of the sea. Every one admitted that the ship's cat Jeremiah had been in the hold and showed the most abject terror when brought on deck. A sailor who tried to carry him to the spot where the ship out of the night had struck the Belmont, was badly scratched

All of which goes to show that superstition is not altogether dead at sea

Yet another incident which happened a little over a year ago to the Newfoundland schooner "Victor", bound from Bay Bulls to St. John's, was reported by the skipper and published in a local newspaper. The skipper declared that while crossing Conception Bay, his look-out saw two lights ahead. They were apparently a schooner's lights and appeared to be stationary. A third light then appeared and while the lookout wondered, other lights sprang up. The mate thereupon promptly called the captain and, hardly had the skipper tumbled on deck, than the craft of mystery was ablaze with brilliant illuminations. Capt. Ralph fearlessly bore down on the stranger, ordering his men to give no hail and approach as quietly as possible. Figures in oilskins moved silently about the stranger's decks and it was seen that her main boom was broken. No sound came from the unknown. There was no audible voice of command and no flapping of canvas or creaking of rigging. Awe-struck, Capt. Ralph and his men looked on

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G. T. BELL, Pass. Traffic Manager, Montreal, Que.
W. P. HINTON, Asst. Pass. Traffic Manager, Montreal, Que.

and then, without warning, the lights vanished and with them the phantom ship.

As a skeptical literary man, the writer might venture to say that the Conception Bay "phantom" was a fishing schooner which had broken her main boom and her gang had lighted kerosene torches to repair the damage, or to give light to furl the mainsail and bend on the riding sail. No sounds would be heard upon the "Victor," as in bearing down, she must have been to windward and sounds do not usually go far to windward. The dousing of the lights may have been caused by a heavy puff of wind or sprays. It is no hard matter to conjure supernatural happenings at sea. The writer has laid in his bunk when the vessel was miles off the land and heard the tolling of a distant bell. For the moment, I felt some little mysterious awe at the sound until I recollected that we were in the vicinity of the Lurcher Light-ship. Lying in a lee bunk which, with the list of the vessel was well below the water line and with my head chock against the inner skin of the hull, the submarine bell signal on the Light-ship could be distinctly heard.

A vast number of happenings chalked up to the account of the supernatural could be explained in a similar manner. But upon the sea, the prosaic environment of the land has no sway. The vessel is fearfully alone and the quiet and solitude of the sea-night stimulates the imagination. Sky above and sea below; the whine of the wind in the rigging; the muttering low-toned grumble of bow-shorn water; cheeping mast-hoops and grating blocks combined with the silence and loneliness of the gloom-swathed deck all go to make up a proper stage setting for happenings of the mysterious. The daylight kills occult thoughts, but the long night watches brings to the mind of the seaman dreaming over the wheel or staring into the gloom from aft the windlass, the fantastic imaginings of a De Quincy or Poe, and the haunting charm of such fancies; the nearness to nature and the spirit world of the imagination, breeds in the brain of the seafarer a ready belief in the Mystery of the Sea.

The following is an extract from a youthful autobiography:

"I am eleven years of old. When I was three I had the scarlet fever. After that I had mumps, measels and hooping-cough, soon a great dane jumped and bit my face, and then I fell off of a ladder and broke my arm. Mother says boys have much better times now than when she was childish."

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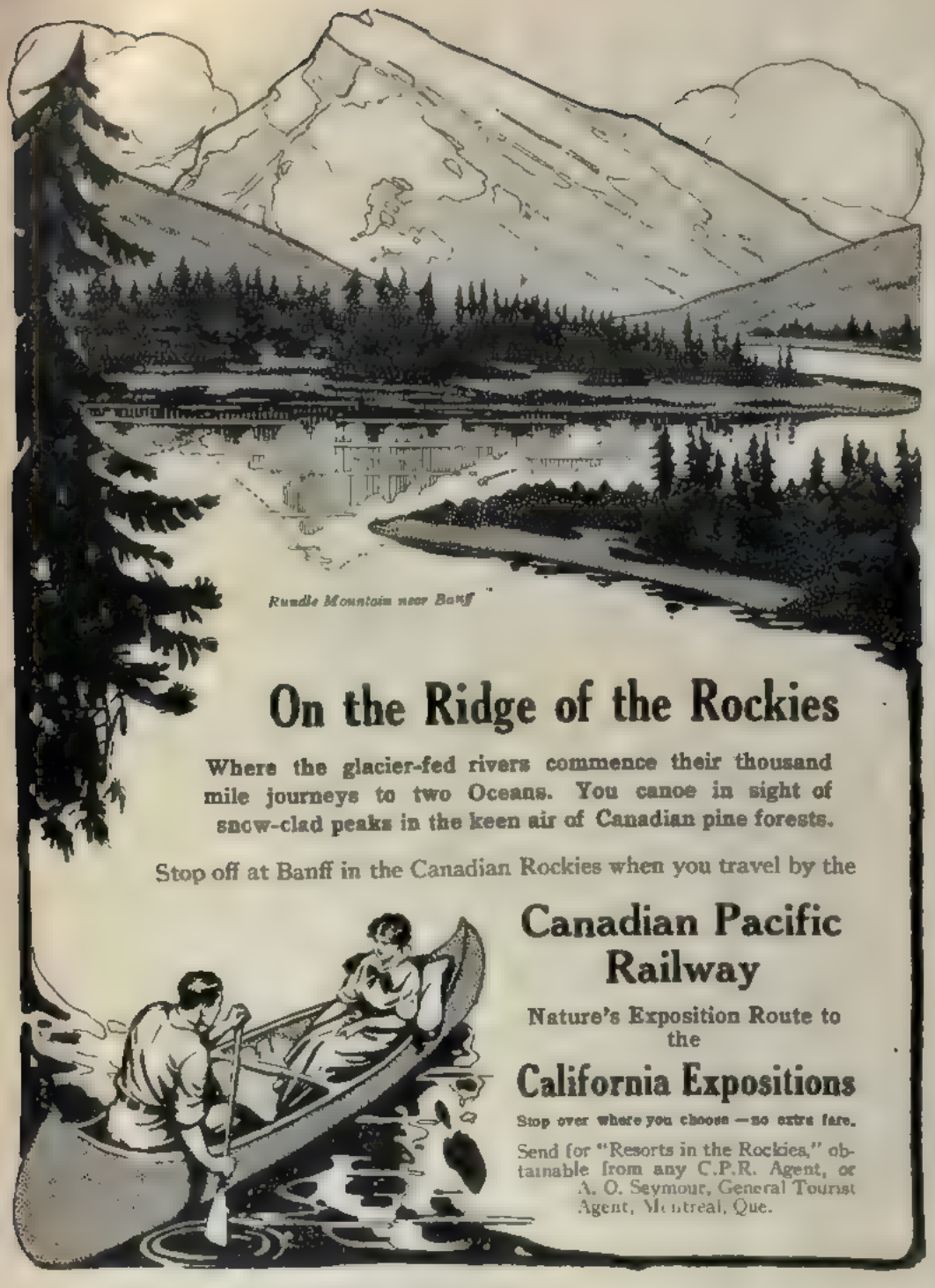

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Jobs That Pass

Continued from page 308.

papers. Some were doing as nicely as $100 per month. Think of it—$100 per per 'month! But I found that I was too intelligent for the job. Otherwise if I had been willing to take a course in writing, costing about $40 payable in the instalment plan—Oh so easy,—I might be able to secure a position in three or four years. As I have something put away for a rainy day—an umbrella—and we have a first class Old Men's Home in our city, I am not corresponding for newspapers.

'Selling Christmas cards was a little more promising. I sold as many as three dozen one day, but as most folks did not seem to care to buy cards for the next three or four Christmas seasons, I found that thirty cents for a ten hour day was violating my Union Labor principles. At that I could have sold more 'Work Wanted' cards than Christmas greetings.

'Meanwhile, instead of 'looking up the Boys' or taking in the musical comedies, I became a front ranker at the newspaper bulletin boards.

"I'm an expert on interpreting the Censor's essays as to how 'the—were—at—' or that 'we have made slight gains and retired five miles;' that 'the Russians have taken Peruna and the Austrians evacuated Zam-Buk or 'there is nothing new to report.'

'At last, just as I was thinking of applying for the position of sheriff to assist in the 'Going-out-of-business-as-usual Campaign', I received a phone message from my old office. It seems that the Member for the town, who happened by politics to be wearing a buttonhole bouquet that matched Mrs. Hob Snodgers' gown down in Ottawa, and also happened by marriage to be related to the Boss's second wife here at home, had secured for the Firm a chance to supply the Canadian Contingent with hydroplane boots for Salisbury or Thermos sleeping bags for use in the London Fair Grounds' Camp or coonskin muffs for the Toronto Ice Boat Brigade—it doesn't matter.

"Anyhow, the Firm needed a chartered accountant with an M. A. and a sure anchor against enlistment and desertion when the next bugle blared down the boulevard.

"Therefore, if I ahem—

"Talk about a Zeppelin raid on Dover! I captured my hat, carried the front door by assault and battery, held up the street car in the middle of a block, and fell into the arms of the office boy, all within half an hour. Since when the Grand Duke What's-hisnamesky has nothing on me when it comes to sticking to his job."

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The House That Jack Built

Continued from page 370

ready 'most any time now, and mebbe put a fence round. You'd like that, I guess, and a little gate for you to go steppin' through. You walk down that way to-morrer night after work and you see if I've picked out the right spot."

"But you don't want folks to know. What'll they think if they go by and see me?"

"Oh, folks won't see you! They're to home that time o' night, doin' the chores. I'll be spadin' up, and s'pose anybody does go by? They'll think you stopped to speak."

The next day it came about as he had said. Janet, perhaps too proud to go by dusk when eyes could be evaded, appeared in the late afternoon, as soon as there was hope of finding him. Jack had staked out a goodly plot at the back of the house. Here were to be her flowers, and behind them he had decreed the kitchen garden. Just as she came round the corner, her face alight, her hair alive in the sun, Jack had stopped to verify his corners, and he looked up and saw her. He caught his breath, she was so alive and lovely, so calm, too, a part of the divineness of the dying day; but he asked her quietly:

"How's this seem to you?"

"It's nice," she told him. "It's the right place exactly. But do you think it's big enough?"

Jack laughed a little at her greediness.

"You goin' to take care of it yourself?" he asked her.

"Oh, yes. I'm just like gran'ma. I don't want folks fiddling' round among my plants. Besides, I don't know—" Here she stopped, and her face grew almost whimsically aghast.

"What don't you know?"

"I don't know whether he cares anything about gardenin'. He's always worked in a store."

Jack turned abruptly and paced the lower boundary once and back again.

"Well," he said, as if he had been thinking out something and quieting himself to a conclusion, "I guess, whether he cares about it or not, he'll be ready to do the heft of it for you."

'Is there a gate here?" He saw she was standing already in her garden. She even seemed to see the invisible gate. He also stood in the inclosure not yet made, and for a moment tasted the delight of feeling, not that he was sacrificing something to a happiness he could never share, but that the garden was still his because she let him plan it for her

"Yes," he said, "a little green gate, made narrow so's to swing easy over

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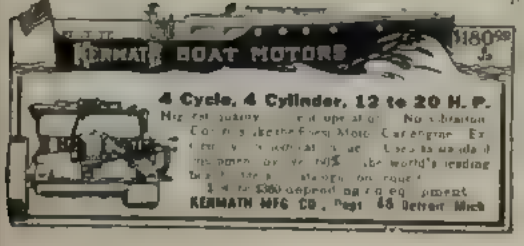

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the grass. Here'll be a nice bed down by this pear tree. I vowed I'd get the pear tree in. Some things want a mite o' shade. They're as homesick as a cat, set 'em out in the glare. Then over by this corner's the old well. I'll put a pump in here; the water'll be terrible handy."

Janet stood there dreamily, still looking, it seemed, at the garden not yet born, at other happy things hastening toward her, and the lover who was the god to summon them. Jack followed her thought, and stood very still.

"Well," she said, abruptly, coming out of her dream, "I'll be goin'." But half way to the road she turned and hastened back. Her face was flushed in a delicate way it had, a creeping of color under the roseate skin. She held her hand over her eyes to shield them from the burning sunset, and looked at him with a soft, warm kindliness. "I ain't thanked you enough," she said. "I can't ever thank you."

For a month it went on, the last exquisite ordering of the house and the inclosure of the garden. The beds were made, the fence was painted green, and the little gate swung easily, yet with security. Neighbors dropped in to admire the completeness of it all, and to venture irrepressible questions.

"What you goin' to do with your house, Jack? they asked him boldly. "You goin' to live in it?" But they were never told, and Janet, when one astute old body inquired why she was pokin' around there so much, replied, with her head held high, that it was the nicest house she ever saw or anybody else, either, and she was bewitched with it. She couldn't hardly keep her feet away from it. And when the month was over, Bert Yule came. Jack had walked up to gran'ma's the night before and given Janet the key.

"You better have this," he said. "You'll want to show him 'round."

She nodded silently, and Jack knew he had done the irrevocable deed He had locked himself outside. This was Thursday and Friday afternoon he saw her go past in Beasley's wagon, driving to the station, he knew, and he felt vaguely hurt that she had not asked him for his own team. But when she came back he was down in the lower pasture, and Saturday morning early he went there again with his dinner pail and axe, and spent the day. It was a long day, wherein he felt removed from the world and all the conditions of it. He had done the very largest thing that had ever been his choice, and by doing it he had cut himself off from the smaller pleasures and inheritances

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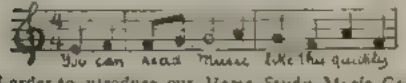

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CANADA MONTHLY, TORONTO, ONT.

raised and finished by his youth and hope and the best part of his brain; therefore he would have no house at all. Life looked to him dun-colored, full of the sounding of a solemn voice that had bidden him step aside and let love enter where disappointment had built the door. He went home that night a sadder man, different, older, it seemed to him, and because the day had tired him, he slipped into bed early and dulled his mind of thought.

It came to him that he could not, for the first time since his building of it, go into his own house; another man had the key and it was impossible to meet him there. But about sunset next night it seemed to him unnecessary to bear it any more. It was probbable that they would have visited the house by daylight. This was his hour, as it always had been, the coming dusk when tasks were done and he could take refuge in the stronghold of serenity he had made, as some patient creature might, grain by grain, build its own fitting shell.

So he went across lots, the back way, and approached the house stealthily almost, through the little garden. He mounted the steps to the back porch It was very still. He took out his knife and slipped it in at a crack of the door to turn a button he knew, and walked in. Jack drew a breath of satisfaction. It was his house, something sentient almost, that seemed even to return his love, as gardens breathe out rapture toward the hand that tends them. He sank down on his bench, moved into a corner to leave a garnished order for the coming bridegroom; but that instant he started up again. There was the turning of a key, and some one whirled tempestuously in. He knew who it was, and that no one was behind her. Janet had changed into a creature of wild yet still emotion. She spoke at once.

"I had to come. I had to have some place, so gran'ma shouldn't know."

Some place to cry, he saw, to quiet her racing pulses and still the blood aflame up to her hair. She began to pace back and forth from the hearth to the doorway, like an animal in bounds.

"What is it ?" asked Jack, when she seemed to have walked herself into a calm. "You tell me what it is."

"He's gone," said Janet.

"Gone ?" he echoed, his own emotion rising, anger for her, resentment against the fool who had deserted her. "You give me half a day. I'll fetch him back to you."

"Fetch him back !" She stopped and looked at him superbly. "He's gone. I sent him "

"You sent him ? What for, Janet, what for ?"

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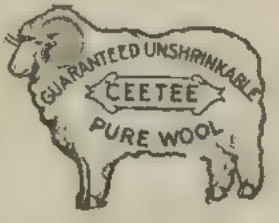

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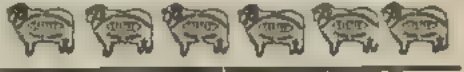

She cried a little then, in shame, it almost seemed, as if she blamed herself.

"For nothing He hadn't done anything. He was just himself. But I don't like him."

Jack, in his daze, felt that he could only repeat her words after her, in a foolish interrogative echo. But she was ready enough to tell

"I've got to speak to somebody or I shall die. I'm so ashamed. How could I ever think I liked him ? Why, he talks about gettin' cold—he talks

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about it all the time—and what lodges he belongs to. I don't like him, that's all there is about it. I just don't like him." Fair, large creature as she was, she looked like a willful child. "He hates gardenin', too," she threw at him. "He thinks you get your ankles dirty."

"Well," said Jack. His voice sounded hoarse and strained to him, and he stopped to clear it. "What about the house? What'd he say to that?"

"The house?" She looked at him in the amazement that kept her head so high. "You s'pose I brought him in here? You s'pose I'd take him into this house? Why, it's your house, not his."

Jack was beside himself before the power of her proud beauty and the thrilling force of her emotion

"It ain't my house," he cried. "It's yours. You've got to live in it."

Janet calmed at that; she smiled, and shook her head.

"You're sorry for me," she told him. "No, you mustn't be so sorry as all that. Sometime you'll live in the house yourself. That's the best way. It's your house. Here's the key. I'm goin' now. Good-night."

But Jack reached the door first and stood with his back against it.

"Look here," said he, roughly, she thought, unlike his gentle self, "do you want to know why I ain't livin' in this house to-day?"

"Never mind," she said, gently. "I've got to go now."

"I do mind," said Jack. "You've got to mind, too. You've got to listen. The girl I was engaged to broke off with me for one reason. Want to know what it was? 'Twas you. You were the reason."

"Me, Jack?"

She had used his name unthinkingly, and neither of them noticed.

"Yes, you. That time I stood holdin' your hand in the town hall I trembled all over, you were so—so different. And I couldn't help talkin' about you. I couldn't keep your name off my lips. And I dreamed about you, and when I thought you were goin' anywheres, I wouldn't go, for I wouldn't see you. I didn't dare to. And the girl I was engaged to said to me right out, 'You're in love with Janet Gale.'"

She had grown quite white, and her breath came heavily. But her eyes did not leave his face, nor did his cease to hold them

"And when she said that to me," he went on in what seemed his rage at the overwhelmingness of the tide of life, "I said, 'I am, God help me, I am.' And she said, 'She's engaged to another man. What you goin' to do?' And I says, 'Nothin'. There's nothin' for me to do.'"

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To you who pare corns—

You who use liquids—

Or other old-time ways.

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Again their eyes seemed to interrogate each other sternly.

"But there's somethin' to do now," Jack continued. He threw back his head and laughed. Janet thought she had never imagined how he would look if he were happy. "I can give you the house—your house. You and gran'ma can live in it, and I can tend the garden, and by and by, when you can think of a man, who knows——"

He paused, dumb with the coming wonder of it, but Janet knew no staying. She was one of the women who, having something to give, must pour it out at once.

"Why, don't you see? Jack, don't you see? I couldn't have him live in your house. 'Twas because 'twas your house. 'Twas because we'd got so well acquainted, Jack. Don't you see?"

Father Lacombe

Continued from page 380.

are fierce and proud. They are my friends, though they do not love my teaching as the Crees do. . . . But when I bring Marguerite back to them. . . . . Oh, *that is my day* !" So as soon as spring came he started to hunt for the Blackfoot camp. Their tepees sighted, Father Lacombe pitched camp and ordered the girl into the women's tent. Though the Blackfeet did not love his religion they loved Blackrobe himself, and lassoing their horses they rode pell mell to meet him. Some had their hair cut and faces streaked with black paint.

"Whom do you mourn ?" he asked.

"Six moons ago" they said, "your friends the Crees attacked a camp of our young men; killed some of them and carried off one of our young women."

"And did you go to find her ?"

"Her brothers went, but did not get her. They carried her too far into the country of the Crees and she is dead, may be. We will never see her again !"

"Never again? Marguerite!" he called, "Come here !"

Out came a girl glowing with health and activity. One glance around the crowd and she flew straight to her mother's arms.

"Arsous Kitai—rarpi !" ("The Man of the Good Heart") was the cry of the whole tribe. "An ineffable moment!" he said.

Later he was spending some weeks with the Crees when word came that the Blackfeet were coming. Quickly pits were dug, stones piled to shield the warriors and the camp ready for the enemy. Till nearly midnight they waited and still no foe.

"I thought it may all be a mistake" said Father Lacombe. "Ha ! I take my horse and ride out of the camp up the hill. The young men said the Blackfeet were hiding in the trees across the valley, and the moon was shining full over the hill."

"Up there I call out—'Hey ! Hey ! are you there and wanting to fight ? Then my Crees are ready for you. Come on and you will see how they can fight. They are brave, my Crees, if you come and kill their people. . . Come, they are ready. Do not wait till the dawn.'"

"Oh, my voice sounded big over the quiet prairie—but there was no cry, only the echoes answered."

"I ride back to the camp then, and I laugh. 'Let the Crees go to sleep' I say 'there is no danger.'"

At that very moment, (Big Eagle, one of their old men, told Father Lacombe later) sixty Blackfeet were waiting the word to charge on the Cree

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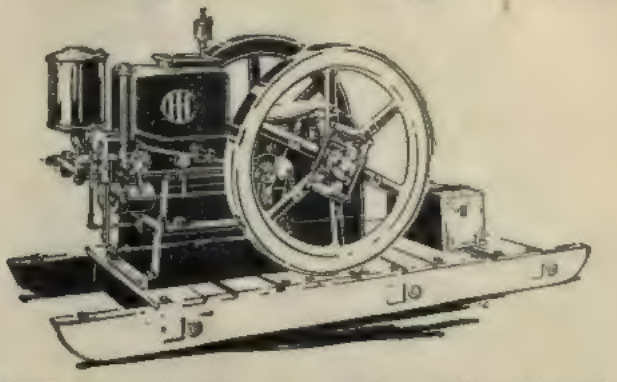

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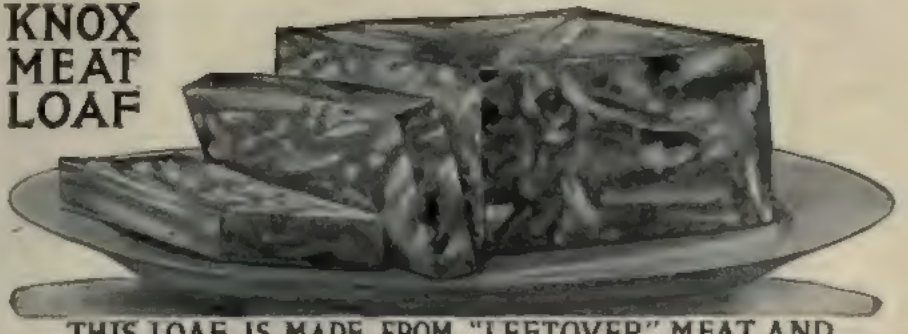

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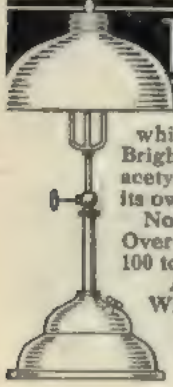

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Camp. But never again when Blackrobe was in it or of it.

So Father Lacombe led his Indians all his life.

And Father Lacombe to-day? At last he rests in his loved hermitage. The old fire is gone, Miss Katherine Hughes tells me; all the grace and sparkle that she so enjoyed, as—at her "inquisitions" as he called them, she gathered her material for her delightful biography. But there still remains the gentle old man ever solicitous for his friends, for the comfort of every chance caller, as he was solicitous for the welfare of his Indians.

And why is Father Lacombe not a bishop? Many a mitre has been won for less. "Because" says one bishop, "God who directs all with wisdom has willed this man should be free to lend himself to all."

After the Deluge

Continued from page 386.

So much for land at present planted to wheat.

Canada has two other kinds of acreage that may one day come into the No. 1 Hard category.

Some two hundred million acres of our north west land requires breaking up by a previous crop before it becomes wheat land.

Flax is used for this purpose, and while the seed is saved, the fibre is more often than not, allowed to rot. According to latest chemical advice, a simple process for its utilization has been discovered, and this by-product of the future wheat lands might become the reason for the existence of a great Canadian linen industry.

The last class of farm is the wornout, starved, over-worked patch that the Westerner has left mortgaged in Ontario or Quebec. By the use of fertilizers such as cyanimide, the valuable constituent of which is nitrogen torn from the same old forty-five mile deep ocean of the atmosphere, this time by means of hydro-electric power, the man who hasn't known the secrets of plant life until too late, may restock his preserve as the German farmers have done before him. By means of crop rotation, of the liberal use of potash of which Germany contains such great deposits, and of the utilization of the escaping nitrogen of burning soft coal, obtained in huge quantities from the coke ovens of the Fatherland and so largely wasted in the engines and factories of Canada, the patient subjects of the misguided Kaiser have brought their little farms to a state of grace unknown on this side of the water.

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which she describes as "my best."

Dissolve 1 cup sugar in ½ cup hot water, add one teaspoonful of Mapleine. Soak one heaping tablespoonful of Gelatine twenty minutes in ½ cup cold water, add ½ cup of boiling water and stir in above Mapleine mixture; when cool stir in ½ cup whipped cream. Pour into moulds.

After testing this recipe, we offer it to you with this comment—*it is delicious.*

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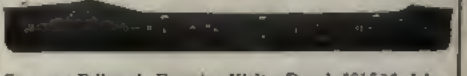

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WALTER DEAN
Ask for Catalog C. Foot of York St., Toronto.

Pedlar's Pack

Continued from page 392.

mean and shrunken it had grown! Was this the place which, in the childish days, coming up from the country had appeared so grand and fine? It loomed, little and narrow after the huge sky-scrapers of Canadian cities, and all at once the joy in the girl's heart was quenched as by a great rain. A frightful depression obsessed her as she climbed down from her high seat and paid the carman. She waited while he walked his little mare away. Then, turning, she mounted the shallow steps and rang the bell.

After a while she heard shambling steps coming down the passage. Old Dennis, she thought, with a smile. Would he recognize her? For a moment a shy delightful sense of happiness was hers. Then, the door creaked open and a little old man peered out.

"Dennis!" she cried out loud, "sure you wouldn't remember me! I'm all the way from America to see the old folks—my dear mother, and the dad!"

The little old man looked hard at the woman. "And who might you be?" he asked politely.

A terror froze on his face as she explained. "'Tis dead he is," said he—"dead ma'am since last night and may God have mercy on his soul!"

The woman looked at him steadily. "Tis mad or drunk you are, Dennis," she said. "My father is not dead." Her passion rose, that terrible savage passion of the Celt when sorrow lashes him. "How dare you!" she cried, and ran at him, her vigorous fists clenched, her whole being surging with passionate madness. Then she felt ashamed before the cowering little, ungainly man.

"I beg your pardon, Dennis, but in God's name what do you mean?"

"The Squire, ma'am, he was taken with apoplexy and died there on the hearth rug out in the Meath home, before priest or doctor could get to him. The word came to the hotel. Oh, Ma'am, an' told Miss Sullivan in the morning, oh, dear Miss!"

The girl crumpled to the floor.

. . . . . .

Came a long and cheerless drive on a jaunting car which somehow had lost its jauntiness. Then the house, old Moya rushing out filled with the Celtic emotion of the unlearned and unrestrained. Then the quiet little mother, accepting everything as the good God's will, the slow tears creeping down her faded cheeks.

But the girl—the emigrant, the one who had battled and hoped and joyed in the thought of coming home to the big father who had been the love and adoration of her life! What of her, of her home coming! Brushing every one aside, even the patient mother, she ascended to the room where her big daddy was lying.

A few hooded figures were on their knees, praying. Peremptorily she waved them aside and locked the door on them. Then, deliberately, she took off her coat and hat, slipped the shoes from her feet, turned down the sheet and crept in beside the dead man. She drew his arm over her neck and laid his hand on her warm and vital breast.

"Tis me, daddy," she murmured, "your own little girl back from America—Oh, my daddy—my own big daddy!"

The Pedlar ceased speaking. The sun had gone down to his watery bed. The fields were silent. No small nature voices broke the quiet of the night, only afar, a brook gossiped over the stones. The Pedlar took up

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his empty pack and walked down the road. Tim of the cross roads turned and went slowly up the darkling hill towards where the lights in the cottage windows called him home.

Some memories were stirring in the old immigrant's heart. "There was a girleen" he murmured. And then he dashed his hat on the road, picked it up, dusted it, and clapped it hard on his head. "Me poor Pedlar!" he said. "Me poor ould Pedlar!"

School Board Lady

Continued from page [illegible].

Brown's opinion. "It seems to me, that in agitating for the vote first we're beginning at the wrong end. If the women want clean schools and lunches for poor children, and they go before the Board of Education and get turned down, they'll be after the vote fast enough. But you never miss the dollar you haven't, till you see the bargain you want to get, and can't."

Now that the doctor has wished herself into municipal politics, she has ideas to burn. One thing she is urgently desirous of obtaining is an added year for the public school course and a corresponding raise in the age at which Rob and Roberta may play hookey without getting pinched. Lunches for poor kiddies are another thing the woman trustee will advocate. And no one who has worked in the crowded districts of the city will deny the need of them.

But perhaps more than all, Dr. Brown is looking forward to putting in her trenchant little oar in the debate as to whether Toronto shall or shall not have a woman School Inspector.

What does a six-foot man know about the kindergarten primary department, she asks scornfully? Also, of what earthly use will he be when he goes to criticize the domestic science class? If he's B.A., and PA into the bargain, he won't know a sponge cake from a dustless mop.

From all of this you might think that the Joan-of-Arcing doctor wouldn't be popular with her fellow trustees. But it's quite the other way. The new member is very much of a woman and therefore very much of a tactician, despite her policies.

"My housekeeper and I have made or collected from friends, washed and forwarded, three hundred and thirteen pairs of socks since the war began," she told the reporter at the door, "and I'm thinking I'll ask the Board to give me the price of the drinks once in a while, to turn into sock-money. I've spoken to several of the men and they're quite enthusiastic about it!"